ARC007

Disclaimer

This ARC is a curated collection assembled from the surviving material I was able to locate online. Many scriptures are incomplete, missing, or fragmentary. Revisions, corrections, and expanded findings are welcomed and encouraged, but should be issued as a separate edition so the structure and pagination of this index remain intact.

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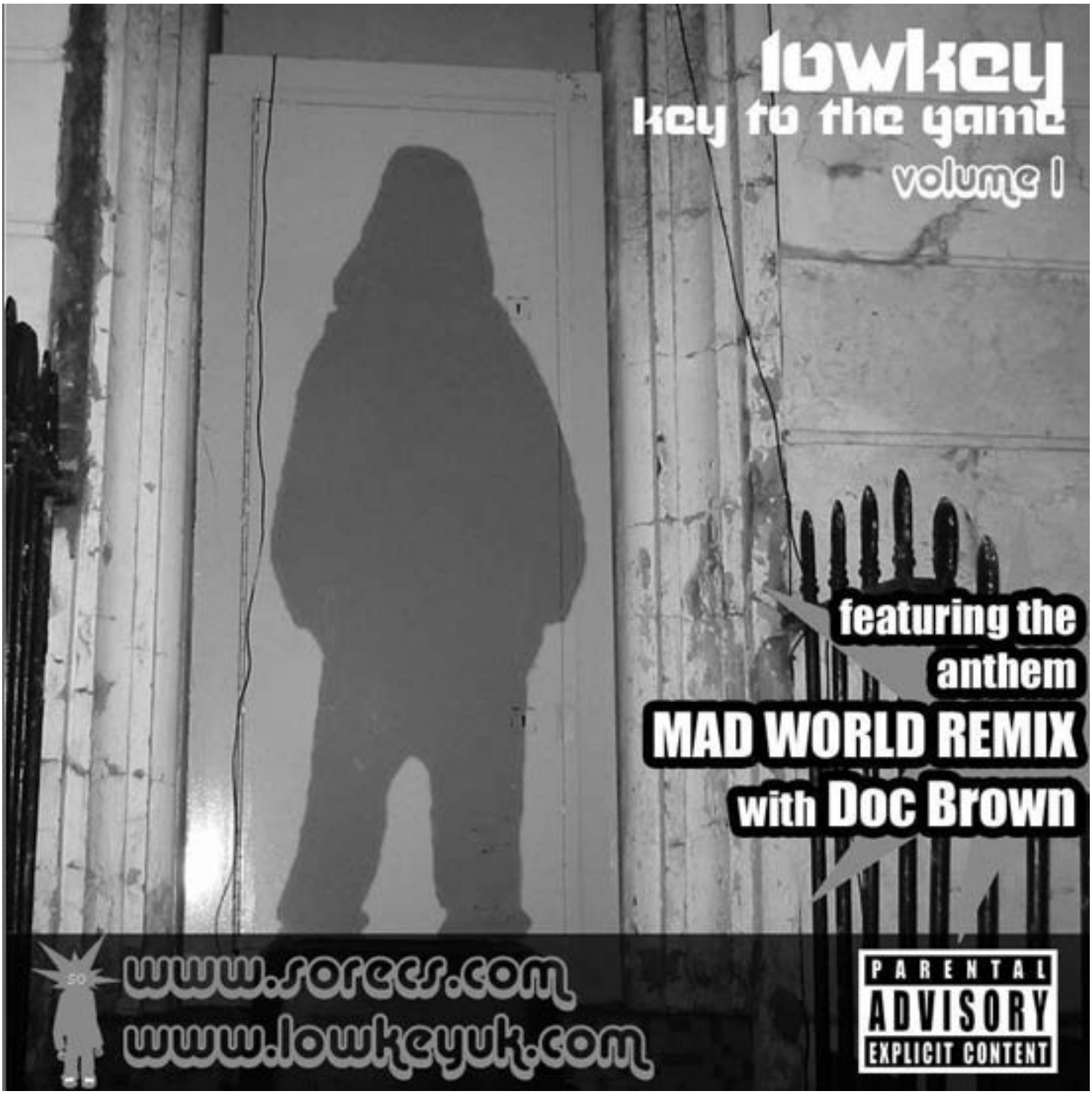

lowkey
key to the game
volume 1
featuring the
anthem
MAD WORLD REMIX
with Doc Brown
www.sorecs.com
www.lowkeyuk.com
PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT

Lowkey - A Million and One Lyrics

Artist: Lowkey
Album: Key To The Game Volume 1

Yeah. It's lowkey.
For all my people that wanna make a million pound. yeah
A million
Blud trust me, this time next year.
we will be millionaires

There's a million ways to make a million chips
Just ask william gates or william smith
does the Freshest Prince to the thrown, really exist?
the king's filling the Kingdom with silliness and hate
Listen mate, let me illustrate this rap shit is here to stay
Still many imitate, you couldn't take me out
with a chopper and army missiles
i see myself as a shopper at Harvey Nichols
With lots of dough but not from chatting to garage
Just to pop across the road and buy a jacket from Harrods
Too many MCs and rappers are average

I'm one in a mill, blessed with nothing but skill
I'm talkin' doe, like homer simpson picture me
rolling in a chauffeur driven limousine
Owning boats from the coast of Britain to the Philippines
In a versacci suit only stopped to strap a huge bob marley zoo
Rum made by malibu, plus bacardi too
still the type to rock shows still with microsoft doe
Surfed the net and invest in stocks
with enough money and power to arrest all the bent feds and cops
so when I walk in stores and try shit on
they never mention cost
no one said London city was fair
I aim to be a fuckin millionaire
fuck these idiot brehs
I aim to start companies and employ my peoples
Satan can't fuck with me I'm here to destroy the evils
fire arms, crack and poison needles
and the street's unthinkable tortures
don't spit a bar, relaxin' at home cinema
sippin mineral water, money stacks counting and analyzing
but the fact is right now I'm fantasizing

Lowkey - From a Place Lyrics

Artist: Lowkey
Album: Key To The Game Volume 1

Yeah, Lowkey!
Straight from South-West.(Straight from South-West) Let's Go! (Let's go!)

I'm from a place that, left me psychologically scarred,
A lot of crime, but many guys that wanna-be stars,
Mans take it easy, but a life of poverty's hard,
Shit is common, like a knife 'n' robbery charge,
In my life I did what the blind majority can't,
Around me fiends crave for crack,
And Stomp your head into the pavement untill your face is flat,
Talking codes on the payphone, incase it's tapped,
I might make a track, but still remain gutter, 'till my life fades to black.

Don't come around if you don't know the right way to act,
'Cos there's some things that you have to know first,
'Round here the cameras don't work,
Yout'-dem don't give a fuck for another man,
If you take a loss, bounce back like a rubber band,
Understand pricks try to test you,
This life is stressful, if your quite successful,
Wolves that are quick to slash your temples,
I might get a few rings and customize new kicks,
Just let me do my thing, don't fuck with my music,
I'm an emcee from my head to my toes,
It runs in my blood, in my flesh and my bones
The pen is my best friend, I'm never depressed and alone
I'm an underground cat with a professional flow, destined to blow
Emcees need to backup and let their testicles grow! (What the fuck!?)

Lowkey - Lucifer Lyrics

Artist: Lowkey
Album: Key To The Game Volume 1

This is lowkizy, raping london city
Gotta make sure you understand

I'm an outlaw rappin' the streets
Every place in the south north west and the east
Forget a punchline, i break your mouth your jaw
And the rest of your teeth
Any other MCs about war can't second to me
I stand without flaws from my head to my feed
It sound raw when I wrestle the beat
What you acting proud for?
Me, you can never defeat
You can see me down (?) stores
Steppin outdoors just to get in achieve
Got to murky mans _____ after i left him asleep
Like I said get you jaw broke quick and your torso split
On the mic, my people don't talk no shit

Stay rapping all night, while yours don't spit
I'm getting pissed of with these fool gays
Undermining Hip Hop from the UK
From that Blood I'll rap to the death
Blood i told you before man I'm better than blessed
Grew with the most roofless kids and lost baby
Finaly using the gift that God gave me
I'm not crazy just deranged and insane

I came to explain the false state of the game
Many out changing for fame without making a name
My belly's aching with pain,
Any fater that hates and tryna' spit a verse of me
Get left looking like a circus freak
On hes knees screaming Mercy Please
And he ain't even heard me speak
I don't give a fuck whether your 15 or 33
Is all good, i make dopes look awkard

Tryna to step to this step, Left with a twisted surfer
Coming in the place leave a space where the door stood
Listen jokers you get dangled off the cliffs of Dover
Leave a undercover agents mission over

Im not a snake, but on the mic. I'm a viscious Cobra
Quick to expose a rapper with a bitch persona

Lowkey - Mad World (Promo version) Lyrics

Artist: Lowkey
Album: Key To The Game Volume 1

All around me are familiar faces
Warn out places, warn out faces
Bright and early for the daily races
Going nowhere, going nowhere
Doc Brown, it's a disgrace, this place is like a whore house
The crooked systems the pimp that got us workin' 'til me worn out
Storm clouds so it's dark when I wake up
Same street, same run for the same bus
Same tramp with his change cup
But many pennies and tens and twenty's ain't gonna change his day up
This train sucks blood, you look familiar
Why do I know them tired eyes from somewhere in particular
Wait, nah it was yesterday
You shoved me in the chest just to race to the top of the escelate
So all we rats comin' back for more
Happy to carry the wait 'til our backs are sore
Trapped in the system of capitalism
That got us thinkin'that we have to take a shit job just to get a quick buck
Why not live the life that you want?
When your dreams too big to fit in that Burger King uniform
Forgot what humanity showed us
Now we walk around like robots 'til we go nuts
What strangers, we all creative
'Til age six then we start hearin' the same shit
From police, parents, teachers, television
Take them first steps towards a mental prison
Then at the end of ya life you like "what! "
"I was doin' time but I weren't even behind bars"
Know what blood, it's a very very (mad world)
Doc Brown and Lowkey]
Maintain feel the weight on my brain (mad world)
It's still the same my brains achin' with pain (mad world)
This ain't life it just doesn't feel right (mad world)
My dreams ain't nice, can't sleep at night
Went to school and was very nervous
No one knew me, no one knew me
Hello teachers tell me what's my lesson
Looked right through me, looked right through me
From the time I was a toddler, tiny and small
I grew into a little monster in primary school
Just another name on the list at registration
The teacher never listens so I lived in desperation
By Year 6, I was sick of education
Not to mention wantin' attention but I'd sit in hesitation
Scared to ask teachers questions
Cause I was quick to test their patience
Soon as I reached secondary, different heads were hatin'
To teachers I was already dead and buried, a product of the street's devistation

Aggy and fassies and fools and carryin' tools
Why, it's a weak explanation but I was never happy in school
Sufferin' from sleep deprivation
Teachers new my type, they saw it in me, never used eyesight
Most pretend they're blind when the older youths and new guys fight
Got sent around to the deputy heads
When the fat kid that grassed went back to sit in class
And dreamt about leavin' all my enemies dead
Many tears where eventually shed
Up 'til now I didn't know what my memories meant
Many messed with me then, all the fights left my energy spent
Teachers need to fix up, this message is for everyone bUt especially them
Intelligent kids don't grow unless they mentally fed in this (mad world)
2: Lowkey and Doc Brown (sample)]
Life is cruel blood, I'm tired of school (mad world)
Your mind's a tool, don't play by the rules (mad world)
That's the truth I've been trapped since youth (mad world)
My heart's bruised but I still won't lose (mad world)

Lowkey - Still Rising Lyrics

Artist: Lowkey
Album: Key To The Game Volume 1

Lowkey, I'm still rising blud
I'm still rising

Blud, I'm still rising
Iller than ill, but still rhyming
My skills thriving
The odds are stack but I'm still rising
Feeling violent but I'm still shining
You try stopping me, no joy I'm still here
Blud I leave your home boy in a wheel chair
Make you experience real fear
the real here
The fake don't listen
17 spittin' age old wisdom
Before they die if you escape those prisons
I remain with the same goal, vision and aim
But hope the fame goes missing
Cause I need my space
For Jesus' sake
Sometimes I wanna leave this place
People dyin' for nothing
What a needless waste
What the fuck are them sayin'?
Battling me
You're better off running away
Cause I'm stressed and pissed, depressed and sick
Vexed and shit
Sometimes I think I need an exorcist
Man like me only dreams of a Lexus whip
While 50 cent is rich with as many as he wants
I could've written any other song
But I' chose to write this
Out to any foes that might diss
Cause I'm known for a flow that's righteous
They wanna overthrow the throw where I sit
On beef, if you overdose you won't like it
Leave you in a coma close to your home and lifeless
Rappers are crazy, can't believe what's been happening lately
Labels cat'in' to rape me
People acting passive and shady
I dedicate this to any backpacking faggot that hates me
Cause I got a track in the mainstream

Mad World remix, motherfucker
Mad World Remix

Lowkey - Who Am I Lyrics

Artist: Lowkey
Album: Key To The Game Volume 1

Yeah lowkey
Who am i?

Who am i?
A man Contemplating suicide
Cause in this place and time my frame of mind is do or die
Who am i?
A man with nothin' to lose
Who am i?
A man speaking my views with something to prove

A young man in central london running for the night bus
Passed baseheads bunning on the white stuff
Rollerblading crackfiends old and aging drag queens
Hustlers that know the way to stack cream
Clicks that go to raves and jack teens????????????? know about bus drivers
Me and my people are writers now fuck rhymers
I crush cyphers close fates and shut eyelids
But i'm deeper than that and i aint been sleepin' recently
So i need to relax things on my mind
When i put ink on this line ima poet but i
Been both a loser and winner
Been both stupid and clever
Been both student and teacher
Stress now got me usin' the reefer for the pain relief
Who am i?
A man that plays for keeps and can't be told shit
That's what makes me me

Who am i?
A man Contemplating suicide
Cause in this place and time my frame of mind is do or die
Who am i?
A man with nothin' to lose
Who am i?
A man speaking my views with something to prove

Sometimes it harder to sleep when in the streets
It's just drama and beef and the karma is deep
I seen so many walk the path of deceit
Living in the heart of this beast kindness i done that
The price of that been in knife fights and scraps
But never ever ever think my guys are strapped
Cause i escaped that by trying to rap
For every shotta every fiend buying the crack
Every drug smuggler thugs hustlers i'm not one of ya
Rappin' wise i'm the best in the land
Still i rep for the fam just a man obsessed with a plan

Till i get the checks in the bank
I won't stop like a red light i'll wreck mics
Don't even tempt me i'm a weeded mc
So check the website cause my dreams are empty
And i'm droppin' a album next time make sure you get me

Lowkey - Straight From the Heart Lyrics

Artist: Lowkey
Album: Key To The Game Volume 1

Yeah, this is Lowkey
and this is straight from the heart blood,
Yeah, for all my people
wherever you may be in your life blood
Yeah, all my women and men
Understand this is for you
no frontin' is involved right now, ya know
It's all real

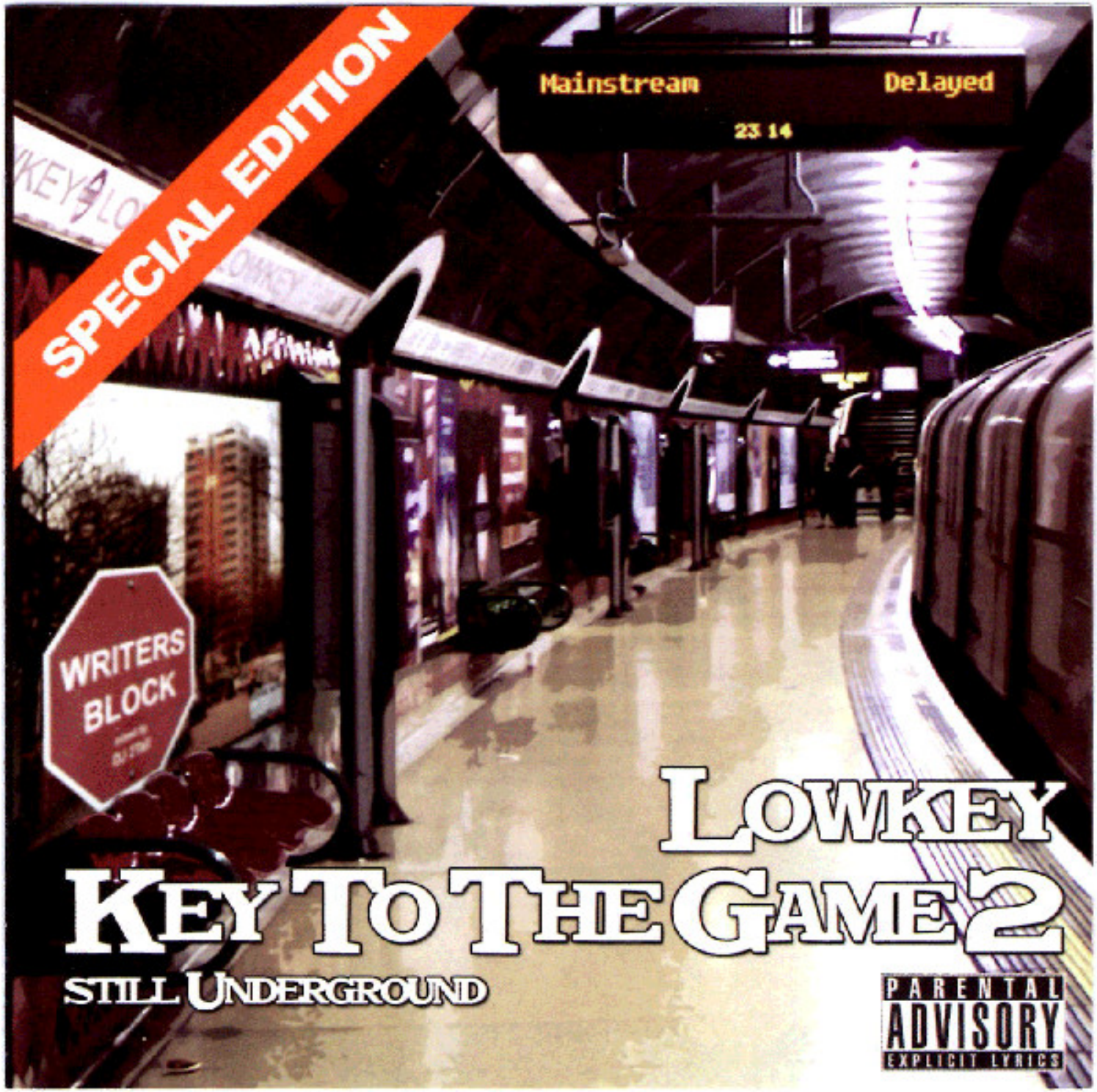
We've been friends since four years old,
always speak your mind, never keep your ears closed
sure, we'll grow in different directions
but I'll stick with my bredrans
till I live off of pension
But I've got to give hip-hop a mention
together as youngsters we faced the beasts
grew from concrete that paves the streets,
Escaped from racist beef, we blazed the weed
I feel like I was raised in greed
Bruv I believe in you cause you've got faith in me
I know circumstance is a fuckery
But I'll never forget what certain mans have done for me
Bruv we link up stronger than blood, closer than family
so if you want it with us you're provoking a tragedy
Bruv over the years you've been my best friend
From the ends around foolish peers from the west end,
rippin' mics together, but remember
'cause none of us are living life forever
and any of us might die tomorrow,
for people to look on our lifetime with sorrow
we set trends guys try to follow,
they might like the model
but write rhymes that are hollow,
we living up in the ends
but picture us in a benz
a long way from billin' up at the bench
I'm spittin' this outta love for my thugs and my friends

For all those I still speak to
guess we're still people
Life's more peaceful when you grow
and you eating legal
For all those I still speak to
guess we're still people
Life's more peaceful when you grow
and you eating legal

This goes out to every man dissing the girls

Women to me, are the key to bliss in the world
As long as there's breath in my lungs
I try hard to show respect to my mum
and treat my woman like a queen. Why?
'cause she's always got good advice for me
but arguments are the type you wouldn't like to see
This is for mans showin' disrespect to frisky sets
indulgin' in risky sex
suck my dick and wanna kiss me next?
you must be crazy. I've been through a lot of shit
but won't let the fuckeries change me.
I'm a nice guy, but in bed I bully chicks.
I swear Dan I won't ever get pussy whipped
even when she's got her hands on my hoody zip
and whisperin' in my ear,
"Shall we strip?"
I know a girl that was raised in insanity
life tainted with tragedy
age eight she was rapped in the family
nineteens can't stop wieght tracing calories
I pray to see you, one day living happily
You've got issues deeper than the oceans bottom
but the kindness in your heart won't go forgotten
can't love anyone else if your soul is rotten
Hoes are common
I used to chirp em just rob the phones and chop em'
It's hard for me to front
the first time we met, you became a part of me a once

For all those I still speak to
guess we're still people
Life's more peaceful when you grow
and you eating legal
For all those I still speak to
guess we're still people
Life's more peaceful when you grow
and you eating legal


SPECIAL EDITION
Mainstream
Delayed
23 14
WRITERS BLOCK
LOWKEY
KEY TO THE GAME 2
STILL UNDERGROUND
PARENTAL ADVISORY
EXPLICIT LYRICS

SEARCH

Lowkey - Still Underground lyrics

My name is Lowkey and you may know me
Volume 1 was a cla**ic, the real recognizes
still the fake don't see, this is my life
But i need and J.O.B, I'm in the same old street
and still blood, there ain't no peace
my pain ball seize, we change dope to see
where this rainbow leads
snake smiling my face with the fake goatee
there's no place that my name won't reach
still I remain Lowkey, through the thick and thin
We try to raise aboive by doing some different things
It's seems they shock, we shocking these dudes
I spend time reading books and watching the news
It's confusing feeling like this rap sh** ruining my aim Levels
I try my best just to remain settled
but the irony is easy to see
In music ive got an E at my GCSE
By then most kids where high on E or released on some weed
Only seventeen when I set my feet on the scene
to be this, you've got to do what i've done
See what i've seen, love what I've loved
Be what i've been
When i get past the weed smoke, booze, music & Girls
I remember myself a young boy confused with the world
as pissed of kid, N.W.A introduced me to this hip hop sh**
soon starting writing rhymes just to bide the time
but found quite hard to explain what's inside my mind
besides in the early days I was imitating
and after a while that sh** sounded irritating
Now this is what I do for love
the music runs deep in my weins
I refuse to front
this is the future blood
key to the game, volume two
for growing youths not doing what they told to do
I expose the truth anytime I'm in the vocal booth

Cuz it's disgraceful the way that we're living
Blazin and drinking, degrading our women
most man ain't even thinking
Satan Is winning, event saint and saviors are sining
Pray for your children, we're slave in the system
Tryna change our position
Watching the news I see the face of a stranger that's missing
We're taking over, it's great britains greatest tradition
still mens act like their to impatient to listen
even you do what you don't, make the decision
but don't act like you don't see me, when you see me
with your brethren and selling them you'r CD
it's volume 2, one of the phenomenal
one of few, chronic of my life
don't watch what the others do
Im deep with this rap
to me a Mic. is like a needle to people
feinding on smack
I was raised with insane kids, rome??
rave cribs like?? and don't take sh**
still here trapped in own made tricks
I don't take flicks or make movies
it's Lowkey a.k.a Wayne Rooney a great lyricist
remain limitles, spitting lyrics I paint pictures with
Born with the mind of scarface and a heart of saint nicolas
this lyricist puts verses love for the art
listen to these words, cuz they come from the heart
apart from this music blood nothing is ours
I'm to underground to ever f** with the charts
To hardcore for MTV, but still here like??
and MCD so just let me be, let me live
let me spit let me rep this streets
peace to all the Mc's that see and produces and send me beats
Let's be brief, it's about time that I fulfill these empty dreams

SEARCH

Lowkey - Trapped in the System lyrics

but that's an opinion, it isn't the truth.

i feel like im getting watched from a big water
of the system.
all my people

right now, im like general castro.
theres chemicals in my tango.
in a war, Winners write the history books
i screw my face up when someone gives me an innocent look.
there is fluoride in my toothpaste
everyday more day
living antisocial in a civilized society

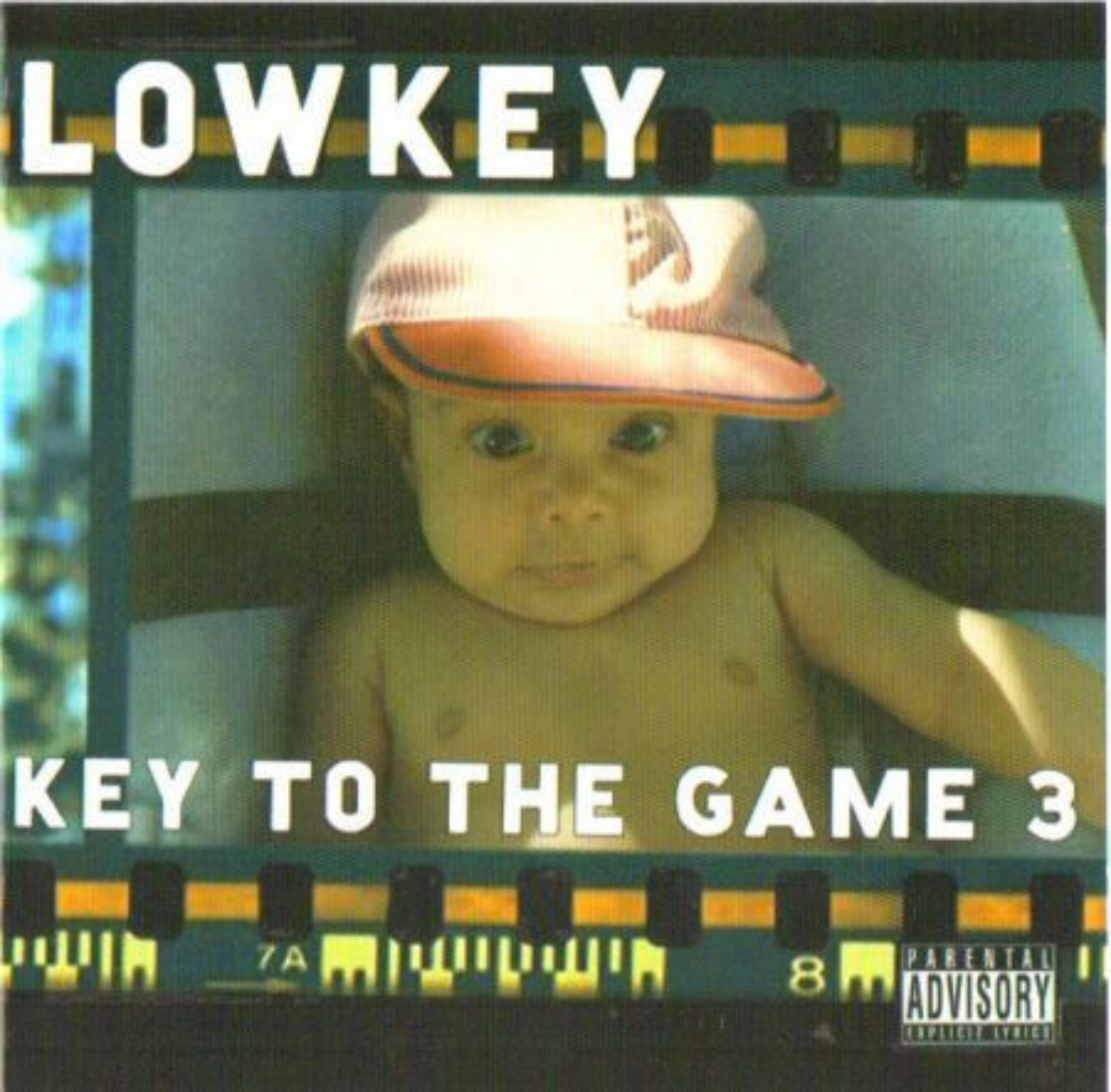
Chorus

lowkey and shameless
trapped in a system!
key to the game 2
trapped in a system!
on the level above, but..
trapped in a system!
all my people,
trapped in a system!
lowkey and shameless
trapped in a system!
key to the game 2
trapped in a system!
on the level above, but?
trapped in a system!
all my people..
trapped in a system!
allets talk about modern day politics

the government is profiting.
poisoning the youth
where youths, nine years old are having s** with girls.

people think money can relieve the pain but it never does.
be sure to watch for the demons and watch for yourself.
sitting here, writing rhymes with shameless.
its all good, as long as I am alive to change this.

lowkey and shameless
trapped in a system!
key to the game 2
trapped in a system!
on the level above, but..
trapped in a system!
all my people,
trapped in a system!
lowkey and shameless
trapped in a system!
key to the game 2
trapped in a system!
on the level above, but?
trapped in a system!
all my people..
trapped in a system!>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KEY TO THE GAME 3
7A
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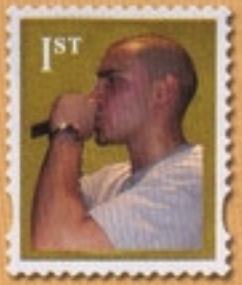
PARENTAL
ADVISORY

LOWKEY®



URGENT REMI

DEAR LISTENER

PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT

Lowkey Lyrics

"Dear Listener"

[Verse 1:]
This is for my people that miss me, I know you needed this
Every single stroke could append is a stroke of genius
Other than my cd, you ain't heard a flow as deep as this
Every verse should be treated like the mona lisa is

And yeah you might have the upper hand, if we're speaking dough
And yeah I understand that you get "G" for shows
But all you've ever done is boast, with your feeble flow
My music's touch more peoples souls than I could even know

My whole heart, that's what I give to my fans
A listener's tear is worth more than a mil in my hand
All you talk about is flipping grams and triggers that bang
Me, I consider lyricism, a privilege fam

When it comes to putting words together it's certain that I'm better
Every verse you heard is like a personal letter
So when I die, my fans can say they all knew me
Lowkey, Double P, Yours Truly

(I feel, so hear)

[Verse 2:]
This is for those praying through hell, till they're in paradise
I cry blood for the children of palestine
My life's left me so emotionally paralyzed
I couldn't even cry in a funeral where my nana died

My words are swords, have served their cause like a samurai
Cameras spy on the average guy weaving through traffic lights
These are savage times, expand your mind and analyze
Don't glamorize the gangsta life, like these other rappers might

Haters stay around me like, satellites orbit
You don't want to see the pair of guys I strategize war with
Peoples army work it, you batty guys forfeit
Not jamaican but I'm eating aki like swordfish

When it comes to putting words together it's certain that I'm better
Every verse you heard is like a personal letter
So when I die, my fans can say they all knew me
Lowkey, people's army, yours truly

(I feel, So hear)

[Verse 3:]
I told the world about my issues and the things I went through
In this game it's undeniable I'm influential
The strength of my mental, is making other spitters tremble

All I needs a piece of paper, a pencil, and instrumental

I didn't settle till I took it to a different level
Gripping metal and flipping pebbles, you sided with the devil
I see you flossing in your video that looks a rental
That little bezel around your neck don't make you flippin' special

I'm quite high when I am writing my rhymes
Like I am mike tyson on a fight night in his prime
I'm like einstein, got it all precise in my mind
With the mic I'm like? most violent times

When it comes to putting words together it's certain that I'm better
Every verse you heard is like a personal letter
So when I die, my fans can say they all knew me

Lowkey, Mongrel, Tours Truly

Lowkey Lyrics

"Tell Me Why"

Put your lighters up...

They will fight till extinction
And using the nations as weapons
Again...
Tell me why...

I've been gone for a while but don't watch that
'Cause now I'm back ready to show all these whack rappers how to rap
Type my name on youtube and watch that, get the picture. Yep
I'm the biggest threat to your little rep on the internet
Forget Channel U don't watch that, no one spits facts
And since wifey riddem everybody's making chit chats
But when my vid drops and you watch that, you'll be seeing why
There's a big difference between me and the meaty guys
MTV cribs I don't watch that, the greed sickens me
I guess I just look at the world and see it differently
Kids starving to death and when I watch that, I cry inside
How can rappers live in yards that typa size
Kids film happy slaps and they watch that, then text their friends
Generations of degenerates, will it never end?
The Twin Towers fell and we watched that
It was control demolition, there was no terrorism; it's not that

They will fight till extinction
And using the nations as weapons
Again...
Tell me why...

Youths get the Scarface movie and watch that, live that violent dream
They shoulda watched more carefully in the final scene
Forget Big Brother don't watch that, even if the other TV's shit
You can't spend your life watching other people live
Turn off Fox News, don't watch that - read a book
Glance back at history 'cause we need to look
They film us on CCTV and watch that, are we catalogue humans?
Oyster cards stay tracking our movements
Forget Myspace don't watch that, I ain't feeding Murdock
Or looking at girls posing with their skirts off
Forget profile hits, don't watch that, I know people can tell
Those numbers don't equal yourselves
Forget Borat, don't watch that, it ain't funny fam
And that's start of something bigger than you understand
And there's talk on the road but don't watch that, 'cause I'm well known
And wherever I go my name rings like a cellphone

They will fight till extinction
And using the nations as weapons
Again...
Tell me why...

Lowkey Lyrics

"Rise And Fall"

[Verse 1:]
Back in the days, I had dreams of rapping on stage
Imagined listening to radio where my track would get played
It's tragic, I never fathomed that the magic will fade
Let's take it back to the days when I established my name
I was over-hungry for beats, like the melody was something to eat
(Bars) a hundred a week was nothing to me
As long as I had something deep to crush a sucker MC
I won battles but in a couple I fumbled, suffered defeats
I was grinding hard, way harder than other artists did
At 17, on Choice FM, I went bar for bar with swiss lyrics for 45 minutes
Ready and prepared
No lie, you can ask anybody that was there
Simple and plain, my CD got critical acclaim
I began to build an official position in the game
Quicker than I could think, I was fulfilling all my aims
I miss them days, now it's difficult 'cause shit isn't the same

[Chorus:]
Everything that goes up must come down
I was alright before, but I'm fucked up now
Got a bit of success, didn't like it at all
It's time that I document my rise and my fall
If it's not your destiny then it's not meant to be
In the mirror, face to face with my worst enemy
Got a bit of success, didn't like it at all
It's time that I document my rise and my fall

[Verse 2:]
Before volume 2 dropped, my brother died
I never stopped, I just carried on busting rhymes
Putting on a brave face but it was still tough at night
I couldn't sleep 'cause my nightmares were nothing nice
Volume 2 came out, got live in the press
Regardless, I was still stressed and fucking depressed
More successful, the more I felt stuck in a web
Pain ate away at my soul 'till nothing was left
There were rumors about, I heard a dirty sound
They even tried to say that Chancers turned me down
Everyday, they were on the phone, tryna get me on that show
'Till I had to tell 'em straight, look, I didn't wanna go
I didn't wanna blow
Had nothing to prove bruva
In '05 I won an award for best new comer
But that shits all irrelevant
They say the only thing worse than not getting what you wish for
Is getting it

[Chorus:]
Everything that goes up must come down

I was alright before, but I'm fucked up now
Got a bit of success, didn't like it at all
It's time that I document my rise and my fall
If it's not your destiny then it's not meant to be
In the mirror, face to face with my worst enemy
Got a bit of success, didn't like it at all
It's time that I document my rise and my fall

[Verse 3:]
I just can't handle the chins wagging
And the lips chatting
My issues had me making decision to quit rapping
It's funny (why?)
'Cause that almost really did happen
I changed my mind everyday
Kept zig-zagging
But I'm a lyricist, I live for this
I tried to stop
Got volume 3 off my chest
Then hit Writers Block
Very pissed, I was getting sick of my topics
A pad of paper, I couldn't fill one line of it
Seeing rappers in magazines, I know I'm better than
Cussing has-beens when really I'm just a never-been
Me and my clique would be rich if we were American
Those negative times are so clear when I remember them
I hope you heard a bar, you could maybe relate with
Life's strange, it never remains the same, it changes
It wasn't just memories that made me make this
'Cause we all rise and fall on a daily basis...

Lowkey Lyrics

"I'm Back"

A time for us, some day they'll be a new world,
A world of shining hope for you and me.

[Chorus:]
I'm back
Did you forget about me?
I'm back
Did you forget about me?
I'm back
Did you forget about me?
I'm back
Did you forget about me?

[Verse 1:]
What's happening, I'm back with the wagon, smashin' this rappin' ting,
Rappers think they're dapper, it's sad, the badness they're babblin'.
Chattin' 'bout packin' gattlins and battlin', I'll batter 'em,
My adjectives are like daggers and javelins that stab ya skin.
Not challenging, maggots are *[?]*, fraggles are hagglin',
Back with a classic ta snatch ya status off these *[?]* .
I've dabbled in madness, how I've handled it's bafflin',
I'm trapped in sin and damaged within, but still I have to win.
Aiming to break the pavements and take it straight to the majors,
Make all of my favorites famous, I pray that today it changes.
I patiently pave the way for a day that we make the papers,
The haters are staying haters, they're fakers, they're blatant traitors.
Don't say it's chasing my status, I'll break away from the matrix,
They laid us to waste to phases and slaving for *[?]* .
And blaze us, complacent figures and strained to escape the Masons,
Who gave us the AIDS and plagues and not blaming my brain's patrons.

[Chorus:]
I'm back
Did you forget about me?
I'm back
Did you forget about me?
I'm back
Did you forget about me?
I'm back
Did you forget about me?

[Verse 2:]
Put on my Air Max, and walk around a day in my shoes,
Look at the bare facts, and talk about payin' my dues.
You realize every bar that I'm sayin' is true,
Phone in to cuss, any DJ that ain't playin' my tunes.
In a drought, consider me the Guinness Stout,
No I'm not the biggest or baddest, I'm just the illest out.
His bars might sound good when he spits 'em out,
But would it mean something if you were lookin' at it, written down.

I can't front, like the way I'm livin' is perfect,
Can't look at the cards you got saying you didn't deserve it.
Sellin' poison to people, that isn't my purpose,
Knowledge of self, that's the flippin' gift that I'm cursed with.
People's Army, all my guys organize properly,
Feds wanna commit, borderline sodomy.
Ring coppers in choppers, you all can try stoppin' me.
Every tune's a chapter in my autobiography.

[Chorus:]
I'm back
Did you forget about me?
I'm back
Did you forget about me?
I'm back
Did you forget about me?
I'm back
Did you forget about me?

Lowkey Lyrics

"Alphabet Assassin"

A

I'm an anarchist, and an angry academic activist, axe and assassinate the alphabet in an ambulance. ahki I'm aggy and I'm actually anti arrogant artists that ask in american accents by accident.

B

Batter babbling battlers with a bag of batteries, ban these bias blaggers because they're badly backwards b, batty bible bashers get badded basra to brackenbury. baffle backpackers with bars bad as a big of b.

C

Catty crackheads get cancelled canada to canterbury cussing my click catch a cavalry crashed into casualty. A cunning culprit that covers conversation candidly, cool calculated cannibal that causes carnage casually.

D

Diddy Didn't Do Diddly, Dead it, Did it with Dignity. You Dilly Dally and Diss from Distance Dig it I Disagree. You Did it for Digits, Dickhead Dummy I Do it Differently. I Define Deliberately Diligent Delivery.

E

Cause Everything is Everything it's Evidence my Essence is Every Element, Effortlessly Edit your Enterprise with Eloquence. Elevate with the Energy of Eminem, Every Entity that's Ever been a Enemy I'm Ending them.

F

The fact is I fracture factors to fragments fantastically, fibbers fabricate fallacies and find fantasy. I flip faithless fellas from fakers to flippin fans of me, flippantly famish and finish these fanatics factually.

G

Give gangsters gangrene and gain green gradually, grapple and gatecrash your gathering with a gang of Gs. Gallivanting geezers get guided to the galaxy, or gallows for gambling with a generals geniality.

H

Happily hack hackers that happen to have a hack with me like Hatton I'm habitually hazardous how it has to be. Hospitalise haters from Holland, Holloway or Hackney, hate hagglers and I hang 'em with a handkerchief.

I

Illustrius illustrator, illest in the industry, illicitly cause illiterate idiots injury. Impatient cause Illuminati impede my innovations, while ignorant imbeciles idolise my imitations.

J

I jack a jackal for his jacket and just jam, got jittery jockeys jabbering, Jamaica to Japan. Got jealous junkie jokers jabbing, January-to-January my journal is a journey just don't jinx my jiggy jamboree.

K

I'm the key, the king, the Kaiser, reminding my kin of karma. I'm a kangaroo keep in your kennel you curb koala, kidnapping kleptomaniacs since kindergarten, killer. Kitties will give their kidney for a kit kat or a kipper.

L

I'm the lyricist's lyricist, livid with little listeners, listen I'm loving living cause life is literally limited. My live lyrics lift lyricism levels luckily, til I leave the labyrinth of London and live in luxury.

M

Meanwhile my motives to motivate and mobilise my monster men, my missions to minimise misdemeanours, mere monuments of these midgets make me milli for minutes, I may be a mad Mongrel and a manic Mesopotamian maniac.

N

No my narratives, not for narcoleptic narcissists. Naive native nitwits natter negative nastiness. Numerous naughty nymphos niggle up to my navel, no, I neglect the negligee and navigate to Naples.

O

When I operate, obsolete opposition get obliterated. Often obese officers ogle as their occupation, obviously offing other obstacles is my obligation, originality over Oscar ovations.

P

Poisonous Poets, poised at the pulpit, pulverise poachers and pointless posers with potently poignant poems, practically panic. Paparazzi passive passengers planning to pack P's and prang patchy pampering pansies.

Q

Quality over quantity, qualify quantum physics, I question quarrelly quacks and I quickly quadruple quizzes. A quarter get queasy and query with queer quotes though, these quirky quibblers get crippled like Quasimodo.

R

Righteous revolution ragamuffin repping reality, really rebelling, recruiting ready regiments rapidly. Remorseless renegade, riddims and records ripping radio, rapping rattlers really rally rating my ratio.

S

I separately severed several stupid students for steppin and still slewing sacrilegious super sadists in seconds. Speak to Styz and savagely smack up studio sessions, suave swingers spitting sickest similes in seven.

T

Topped the talent and tenacious tendencies of Tyson, tipped as a terrifying terrorist tackling titans. Tokyo to Tennessee, taxing timid tourists, through turbulent times I tangle with total torment.

U

Understand I'm unbelievable, that's an understatement, uglifier, giving ultimatums to undertakers. Unanimous, undisputed, unfuckwithable, unforgiving to ugglesome uncles they're unoriginal.

V

Verbally violent and victims validate my visions, vaporising, vanish various vigilant villains. Vividly victorious over a variety of vixens, venomous viper vanquishes vampires with vengeance.

W

These wobbling wackos are just waiting to work for wages, my words are weapons willing to wage war on you wimpy wasters.

X

See thru you xenophobic x-men with an x-ray, x out xmas with an x-rated sex tape.

Y

Yuppies are yapping, I'm yawning, yearning for yesterday, years when youngers played with yo-yo's not yet with yay.

Z

I'm as zealous as Zeppelin and Zappa in my zones I zoom like Zoro I zap these zonking zebras, my zone's a zoo.

How many letters left?

Zero.

Lowkey Lyrics

"Special"

If you don't respect yourself, no one's gonna respect you
If you don't love yourself, no one's gonna love you

It's a special kind of love, a very special kind of love,
A very very special kind of love, yeah
It's a special kind of love, a special kind of love,
A very very special kind of love

[Verse 1:]
First verse go's out to the girls, be proud of yourself
But don't just take pride in your outer shell
They take mens advances for granted
Cause it's common that we bother them
That's why so many young women can't take a compliment
You'd probably get put off if I called you
And probably get turned on if I ignored you
Make up caked up to cover up what's under there
All your facebook friends see pics of you in your underwear
He treats you like a princess, your not impressed
The truth is you'd probably like him more if he did less
You change the colour of your hair and the colour of your eyes
When will you realise that this stuff is a diguise
I sympathise certainly, seeing Jordan on tv mentally legitimise surgery
You'll only be truly loved by someone else, when you learn to respect and to love yourself

It's a special kind of love, a very special kind of love,
A very very special kind of love, yeah
It's a special kind of love, a special kind of love,
A very very special kind of love
It's a special kind of love, a very special kind of love,
A very very special kind of love, yeah
It's a special kind of love, a special kind of love

[Verse 2:]
Second verse go's out to the males of the species
The ones who've got different women for each week
What's next? I'll break down the player complex
And tell you what the motive behind it is cause it's not sex
Most people at some point got their heart broke
Misery loves company some people just can't cope
A man that hops beds cause he's scared to sleep alone
Is the same as a loose women that can't keep 'em closed
Your both in the same boat, this is what you need to know
A man gets called a player, as for the woman she's a hoe
The truth is they both are insecure people trying to mend their broke hearts
If you brag that you've slept with thousands of girls
All that tells me is that you don't value yourself
You'll only be truly loved by someone else, when you learn to respect and to love yourself

It's a special kind of love, a very special kind of love,

A very very special kind of love, yeah
It's a special kind of love, a special kind of love,
A very very special kind of love
It's a special kind of love, a very special kind of love,
A very very special kind of love, yeah
It's a special kind of love, a special kind of love

Lowkey Lyrics

"Revolution"

(feat. Jon McClure, Faith SFX, Mic Righteous)

[Lowkey:]
Little man never did exams,
Got a particular bigger plan flipping grams,
When a bigger man in his gang gave him a stick to bang,
Or maybe just hold 'cause no one thought he would kill a man,
Till he got silly billy feelin & chilling in the jam,
Sipping cham', spliff in his hand checking to the jam,
Bang bang biddy bang biddy bang,
Now he's in the camp thinking damn what a pity fam,
Rappers are yapping and flapping their lips,
Bout how they're packing and clapping their sticks,
Has to be big,
The impact it has on the kids, tells me where the factory is,
The government kill, they're just stacking their chips,
You wonder why the youths are strapped and their pissed,
If not a nine, it's a knife getting jabbed in your ribs,
People die for the petrol, the gas and the whip,
In London, you can get shanked in the heart,
Still the government put more tax in Iraq,
Ignorant little spitters are talking greezy,
Cause they bitten bits that the saw on TV,
If all you rap about is the hoes and the doe,
It's already too late, you sold 'em your soul,
You jokers act like you know but you don't,
'Cause there's little kids dying all over the globe,

[Faith SFX:]
They used to put my lights out and nights out
And days in spent blazing
And tell me to not be gaining the mazes
But why now it's right out amazing to think
Now let the revolutionaries sing
Stand up for your rights and fight for revolution
Free your mind so we can prise constitution
'Cause they're killing us all...

[Mic Righteous:]
Little man never did exams
He be chillin with his fam in a flat
Spliff in hand and spittin raps
But there's more than one way to skin a cat
Gotta make up for the things he didn't have
Wanna be a dan
Little mans gott bigger plans
Wanna be bigger than jigga and killer cam
Picture that while hes sittin back sippin out a guinness can
Feelin trapped
Done with the chitter chat!
Little man dealing crack for a bit of cash

Put his shit on smash, buildin’ stacks
Livin isnt bad
Untill a cat got in his flat
And hit him with a bat
And they found where he hid his stash
Little man fouled it
Get him back
Now really mad
Feelin militant put on his timberlands and headed to the flat
Where the cats that had jacked him were chillin at
Bowl full of gas in his gaff
And lit a match
Put it in a bad
And away it goes BANG!
But the cat's whole family was in the flat
Now it’s definitely defo prison for little man
He could of been one in a million he could've had the whole world in his hands
But shit hit the fan
When the cat came back
With his strap
Pulled the trigger back
Finished little man in a flash
Its a FACT!
That he's dead now....

[Faith SFX:]
They used to put my lights out and nights out
And days in spent blazing
And tell me to not be gaining the mazes
But why now it's right out amazing to think
Now let the revolutionaries sing
Stand up for your rights and fight for revolution
Free your mind so we can prise constitution
'Cause they're killing us all...

Lowkey Lyrics

"Everything Must Change"

Everything must change...

I'm not some kinda superman
I'm just tryna find who I am
And get my future plan
Don't know where I'm from
Don't know what my aim is
Don't know where I'm going
Don't wanna be famous
Don't wanna be that guy
I need privacy but can't be low-key 'cause it isn't me
Get pulled both ways and it tears me apart
Seems for years I've been wearing this mask
One to myself, another to the multitude
Now I'm confused with which one of those is true
In bed alone lyin myself
I realise I was lying to myself
Now I'm here, finding myself
The truth's out there I'm a find it myself
Forget going on a holiday bruv
I just wanna change

Everything...

I wish that I could make a happy song
But I'm depressed and I don't wanna carry on
I don't know what you've been told G
But no one alive truly knows me
Forget rapping I should find a job
I need direction, maybe a sign from God
I'm tortured, the pain's tormenting my soul
Got friends but I just can't pretend, I'm alone
I'm haunted, by regrets and mistakes
And everyday I'm just testing my fate
Like a boxer that loves throwing rights at them
But doctors warned him, he'll die if he fights again
Sometimes it feels like the weight of the world is on my shoulders
But that's just the way of the world
It's getting colder, it's too cold
Don't know much but I do know

Everything must change...
Must change...
Must change...
Must change...

So I've made music that made my mum cry
Bruv told me what happens when a loved dies
Don't even recognise my own face sometimes
Don't wanna stay around now, but I must try

Someone, somewhere might understand
I just don't wanna give my life to the fans
I'm tryna do more than just be real
In order to rebuild

Everything must change...

I'm just tryna survive today
And live my life in a righteous way
So I gotta watch what I decide to say
My pride's at stake
Don't wanna be described as fake
My mind states, I rate
And I'm wide awake
But I need sleep and it's kind of late
Don't wanna give them a reason to despise and hate
So I'm tryna change

Everything...

All around me, my people's dying
All being controlled by evil tyrants
Lives lost due to needless violence
Look to the sky, 'cause I need some guidance
But it feels like nothing helps
Gotta watch for my sister and my mum as well
Everyday it feels like I'm stuck in hell
I guess this is sort of how my brother felt...

See... just gotta hold on
Hope for the best...
Prepare for the worst...
'Cause nothing is promised...
All I know is...

Everything must change...

Lowkey Lyrics

"The Essence"

[Verse 1:]
I don't know exactly when it started going downhill
Let's take it back to the days it was about skill
Before it was sweet boys parading as tough geeza's
Educated men naming themselves after drug dealers
When it was a way to vent a mans pain
Before it became a tool for presidential campaigns
Before the 50's, Lil' Wayne's and Rick Ross's
I'm about to show you the essence of what Hip-Hop is
Before it was about street credibility
When it was he's alright but he's better lyrically
Think about the zombies your bad words influence
Before Hip-Hop became an advert for ignorance
Before it became Kamikaze
I'm half Gil Scott-Heron and half Talib Kwelli
You think getting shot makes you the next best thing
For every 50 cent there's at least 50 MF Grimms
And that's grim

[Verse 2:]
I know you think that this is easier
But don't believe the flippin' media
Or what you read on Wikipedia
It used to be all for the love
Now pricks are greedier
This business is sicker than an infant with leucemia
I live Hip-Hop, don't disrespect my household
I'm about to kill these rappers sales like internet downloads
We've come a long way from the old timers
Now it's all 360, deals and fucking ghost writers
Am I controversial 'cause I'm not commercial?
Or 'cause I don't rap like a rapper that wants to hurt you?
Every man's bragging, making anthems with gang-banging
I'm like a man standing, over the Grand Canyon
Hip-Hop broke down barriers like skin tone
Hip-Hop 2008 is selling ring tones
Hip-Hop even had your son dressing up in pink clothes
Is Hip-Hop responsible for your kids soul?
I think so!

Lowkey Lyrics

"Relatives"

(feat. Logic)

The views expressed on this track are not directly those of lowkey or logic, were just drawing attention to the lifestyles that some people lead

[Lowkey:] I was born in Birmancy, one of the south parts

[Logic:] And I was born in Bazara, southside of Iraq

[Lowkey:] We used to play football outside in the park

[Logic:] We used to dodge bullets outside in the dark

[Lowkey:] I never prayed, I was told there isn't a god

[Logic:] I prayed 5 times a day it's like I lived in a mosque

[Lowkey:] Me, I'm easy with a pint and some cricket to watch

[Logic:] They sanctioned everything we got, so now it isn't a lot

[Lowkey:] My mom and dad worked hard, always had employment

[Logic:]
My mom just left and my dad got poisoned
I was young but I was told that the government did it

[Lowkey:]
From my heart I can say that I love being British
I grew with 5 older brothers and sisters

[Logic:]
Yeah I had a lot of siblings but some have gone missing
Now it's just me and my little sis

[Lowkey:] Britain's got a lot of immigrants; they take our jobs everyday I swear I'm sick of it

[Logic:] My Uncles trying to get to Britain quick

[Lowkey:] I'm trying to find a job

[Logic:] Me I'm still illiterate

[Lowkey:] every 2 weeks I'm signing on

[Logic:] we only had school a little bit

[Lowkey:] I got kicked out of school very early, labeled as an idiot

[Logic:] Before my uncle left us, he gave me his gun

[Lowkey:] my girl just gave me a son

[Logic:] You see it's hot where I live, every day I bake in the sun

[Lowkey:]
It's cold where I live so I read every page to my son
And I'm getting mad, with what I look at and read

[Logic:] I just met a couple elders that.

[Lowkey:] My dad told me joining an army would be good for the peace

[Logic:]
I started meeting, now I'm training with the mujahedeen
Because I've heard that the westerners are coming with bombs

[Lowkey:] I spent months in the regiment training up to be shot

[Logic:] But this is my land, my country, I'll defend it till I pass

[Lowkey:] I just got the message that they're sending me to Iraq

Our pain is the same, but it's all relative
They cried the same tears, you cried for your relatives
And one way or another, my brother were all relatives
Home is where the heart is, yeah that's where it is *[x2]*

[Lowkey:]
Now I'm in the south of Iraq, it's a smelly place
I don't know who to trust, everybody's got a hairy face

[Logic:]
And Bazara's a scary place, it's worse than it used to be
They're dropping bombs everyday

[Lowkey:] Even little boys shooting me

[Logic:] I shoot at white faces, and any green suit I see

[Lowkey:] Every regiment's lost a couple of troops; we've lost 2 or 3

[Logic:] I still go to pray in the same place the mosque used to be

[Lowkey:] I see little kids starving to death, with no food to eat,
But an orders an order, we've got to clean the city up

[Logic:]
They see how we're suffering, and still they don't pity us
They shoot us every day tomorrow's probably me

[Lowkey:] We're trying to help these bastards, but it's like they don't want to be free

[Logic:] Yeah these people don't know what freedom is

[Lowkey:] I saw my colleague rape a woman against her will, but I didn't agree with it

[Logic:] I shot a soldier in the face, and then I hacked '. Real quick

[Lowkey:]
My sergeant got shot in his face by some dumb young kid,
Now I just want to go home that's where my heart is

[Logic:] My heart is in Bazara, and never will I part it

[Lowkey:] this wars going nowhere, tell me why did we start it'

[Logic:] I'm fighting regardless till I'm resting where Allah is

[Lowkey:]
Come to think of it, I should have never joined the army
And when I think about it, I don't hate these Iraqi's

[Logic:]
Yeah bullets flying past me, I'm scared but I can't run,
I take my sister upstairs and get my uncles old gun

[Lowkey:]
Don't know if it's terrorists or just some civilians,
But I've been told to neutralize the threat up in that building

[Logic:] I see the soldiers they're about to pass, I take my pistol out and blast

[Lowkey:]
A bullet wizzes by my face and tears my friends mouth apart,
I saw red, and starting shooting to make em all dead

[Logic:] I tried to guard my sister, but a bullet hit her forehead

[Lowkey:]
I ran up the steps to see if I buried them all
But all I saw was my little sister dead on the floor

Our pain is the same, but it's all relative
They cried the same tears, you cried for your relatives
And one way or another, my brother were all relatives
Home is where the heart is, yeah that's where it is

Lowkey Lyrics

"In My Lifetime"

(feat. Wretch 32)

In my lifetime I learnt life is suffering
And happiness is one thing that money doesn't bring
In my lifetime, our birth right is struggling
It must have been, but no matter what I keep the love within
In my lifetime, I've waited for days that didn't come
The battle's over, but the war isn't won
In my lifetime I'll keep fighting until there's none
You rap about things you see while I rap about things I've done

In my lifetime, I've been around the flipping planet
Welcome to the world though my parents didn't plan it
'86, it was my mum and dad that made me this
Just a baby, I couldn't understand the craziness
Let me take you back when, and run through my history
When Wendy didn't babysit my mum used to sing to me
In my lifetime I learnt the meaning of true love
Sometimes I feel like I've been through too much
In my lifetime, I lost battles and won some
Made many mistakes that can never be undone
Carried the same name as a doctor that delivered me
A toddler to a monster, tryna prosper in the industry
So what's your life like? 'Cause mines a bag of drama
I've seen scenes that Panorama's cameras are after
When I was 13 I saw a man die
Drove his car through that wall, all I could do was stand by
In my lifetime, I've shed so many tears
I've written so many rhymes over these years
By 20 I did more than most other British rappers did
I toured Europe, and spat a hundred bars to Canibus
The state of the world, got me thinking militant
But in the grand scheme my life is probably insignificant
I'll be stuck with regrets till nothing is left
Life's a bitch but I'm still tryna love her to death

In my lifetime, I don't mind if I ain't going platinum
'Cause deep down I know that I made gold anthems
I ain't being no ransom
But I know they'll remember me like Samsung
In my lifetime, it's been me, no tantrum
I came on my own and I'll leave no phantom
In my lifetime, in my league I'm a champion
So when I decease they'll scream my anthem

In my lifetime, I've seen everything except what I'm living to see
I'm Stevie Wonder, I'm tryna get a vision of me
In the mirror sitting where I'm predicted to be
As a winner that costs but my lyrics are free
I've seen so much over the years
It's been an uphill spiral, just getting close to the stairs

Now I've got a clean shave come over my beard
Now I've got a clean slate cause, there's no more in rears
In my lifetime, I like to grime for my chicks, and rhyme for respect
While these other rappers couldn't get in line with my steps
Inside of my head is a mind like Albert Einstein
I'm fly like a falcon outside
Just tryna get to where the outcomes outline
In take, it's about time that I ditched faith
And if it's about rhymes then I've been great
But that's the downside when your meets end

In my lifetime I learnt life is suffering
And happiness is one thing that money doesn't bring
In my lifetime, our birth right is struggling
It must have been, but no matter what I keep the love within
In my lifetime, I've waited for days that didn't come
The battle's over, but the war isn't won
In my lifetime I'll keep fighting until there's none
You rap about things you see whilst I rap about things I've done
N my lifetime, I don't mind if I ain't going platinum
'Cause deep down I know that I made gold anthems
I ain't being no ransom
But I know they'll remember me like Samsung
In my lifetime, it's been me, no tantrum
I came on my own and I'll leave no phantom
In my lifetime, in my league I'm a champion
So when I decease they'll scream my anthem

Lowkey Lyrics

"I Believe"

(feat. Eden Rox)

I believe...

I believe in equality, freedom & honesty
I believe that I'm a born leader so follow me
I believe in respecting others
I believe that sons should learn from their fathers and protect their mothers
I believe that you reap what you sow
And people won't believe if you don't speak what you know
I believe the jewels are sacred and I'm gonna be the greatest
But I'll leave this place before I'm fully appreciated
I believe in choosing your path but to improve in advance
You have to understand your roots and your past
The future is ours, there's room for iTunes in the charts
And we'll become superstars if my crew gets the chance
I believe life's a lesson, we're all students in class
I believe that MC's are confusing this art
There's lies on the telly but there's truth in my heart
Do you believe in yourself or is that stupid to ask
'Cause I believe...

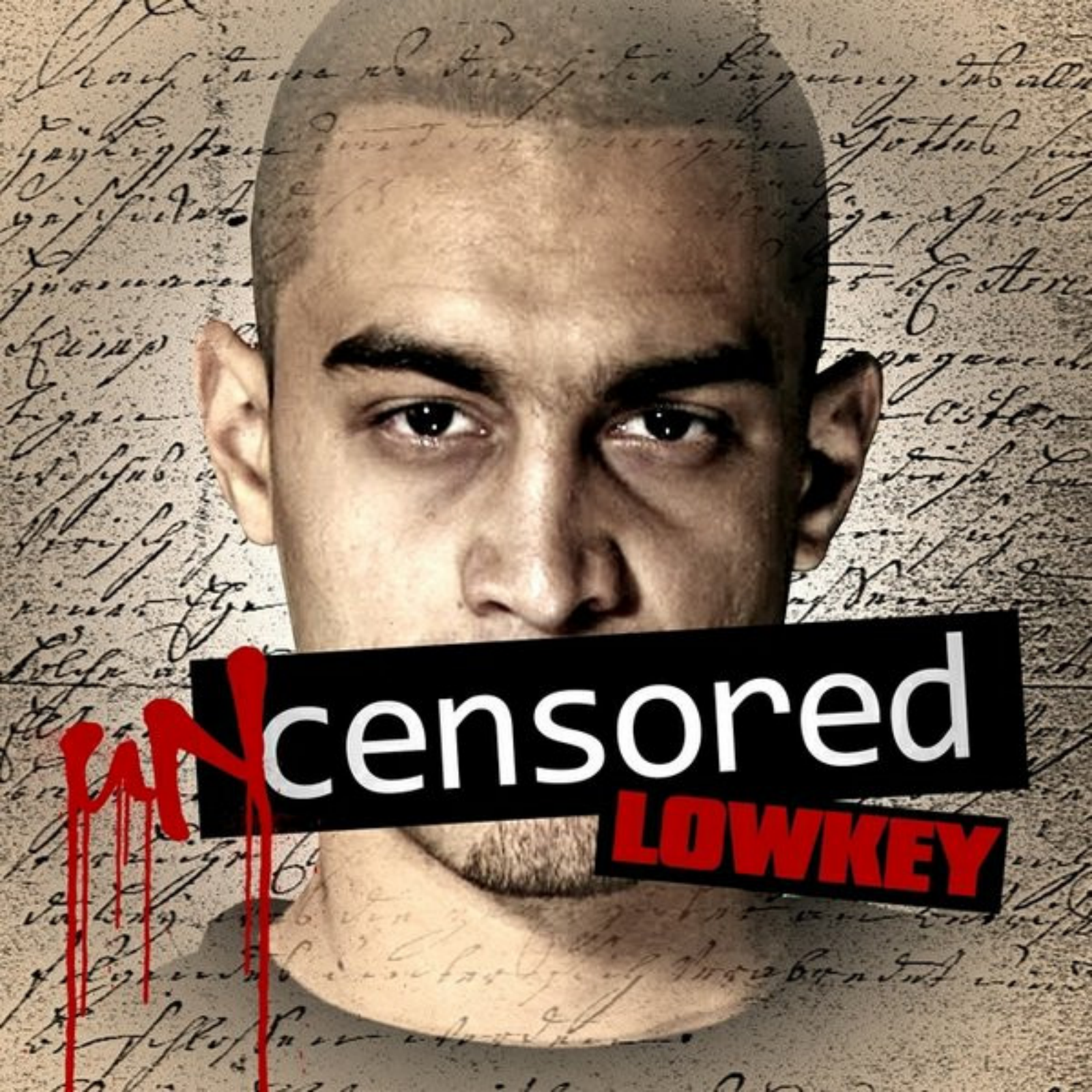
I believe my future's gonna bring me grater things
I believe in getting anything if it's possible & easy to achieve
Ain't nothing wrong you can change your dreams
Make your moves and take the lead
I believe... we can do anything

I believe I was placed on this earth for a specific reason
Numerous close shaves, but still I'm flipping breathing
And I believe all oppressed people should be given freedom
I believe you saw them kids starving, you just didn't feed 'em
I believe in love, I believe in peace, I believe in God
Somehow, some way; we're gonna beat the odds
I don't believe in black or white (no), only wrong or right
I believe there's other life forms up beyond the skies
I believe you can't judge a book by it's cover
We're still brothers even if we don't look like each other
I believe it's up to you to find the life you'd like to live
I believe God guides my hand when I'm writing this
I got other purposes besides just rap
I believe I'll probably die before I relax
But if Muhammad Ali won his title back
Then I can change the world when I write a track
'Cause I believe

I believe my future's gonna bring me grater things
I believe in getting anything if it's possible & easy to achieve
Ain't nothing wrong you can change your dreams
Make your moves and take the lead
I believe... we can do anything

I believe in miracles
I believe the spirit goes to a peaceful place when you leave the physical
I'm privileged to have a opinion that people listen to
Hope this song can ease your mind if you're feeling miserable
I don't believe in fiction, facts make better movies
I cry freedom for Steve, Beco and Bellacuti
They can never move mee even if they execute me
Listen to my words and every sentence 'cause I meant them truly
I believe that Marley, Marvin, Martin and Malcolm did
Become an alchemist with this evil I've been surrounded with
However is Mount Everest standing on the mountain stick
I'm not about to live on my knees with cuts around my wrists
I believe it's essential I represent my peers
Please let go of your fears and your sentimental tears
If Mandela got free after 27 years
Then I can change the world with this record that you hear
'Cause I believe...

I believe my future's gonna bring me grater things
I believe in getting anything if it's possible & easy to achieve
Ain't nothing wrong you can change your dreams
Make your moves and take the lead
I believe... we can do anything


censored
LOWKEY

Lowkey - Who Really Cares Lyrics

Artist: Lowkey
Album: Uncensored

This is dedicated to you, you know who you are.
Listen... Yo...

I called you when I needed you most, I thought we would link
I told you the bad news, you haven't talked to me since
Frankly, I don't want to talk to a shrink
I might look happy but I'm angry and I'm tortured within
You come back around now, with your hands out
I can see the guilt in your eyes, maybe you understand now
It isn't the fact that when I talk you didn't listen
It's that you said you'd call back in a minute but you didn't
Don't get me wrong, I'm not trying to beg friend
It just feels lifes my hit a dead end
I tried to turn around but now my back's against the wall
And the pain just won't stop I might have to end it all
I tell myself life is sacred, It's not right to waste it
I feel surrounded but at the same time isolated
At times my own day dreams scare me
I find myself hating anyone that may seem carefree
Id rather go out smiling than crying at home
I've realized that my worst fear is dying alone
At times I lose my composure but that's not a surprise
I can't control the emotions I keep bottled inside
Don't pretend there's a friendship you and me share
When you hit rock bottom people are usually scared
I guess stupidly I expected you to be there
And when the shit hits the fan man, who really cares

Yea listen...
I was just sitting here feeling sorry for myself and helpless
Then I realized that I was just being selfish
I'm a soldier, my self-centred brain is my helmet
But when reality hit me I felt sick
We run from our problems - there's many that are paralyzed
We take life for granted - these simply never had a life
We've heard it all before - some people are deaf
That tramp lives in a box while I sleep in my bed
Inside I'm a tortured man who hates living.
But there's people being tortured in Abu Ghraib prison
There's youths right now that are dying from Malaria
So we can have clean running water in our area
That shit there, has got me feeling ashamed
If you've been through it, tell me what's the meaning of pain
You went court, and they locked you away when you we're acting wild
There's people in Guantanamo Bay that never had a trial
Weve seen a lot - there's some that were born blind
In some places hip hop can't be performed live
You whopped bare chicks, you think you a heavyweight?

In Africa 6000 people die from AIDS everyday
And the babies there get it from their mothers,
So think about that next time you fuck without a rubber
It hurts but no one said the truth would be fair
The world's a messed up place man, but who really cares?

Lowkey - Just Shine Lyrics

Artist: Lowkey
Album: Uncensored

Yeah Yeah
This is for my sister and my boy D, yeah, for you too

Just shine, shine like you know you can
It's your life and I can't hold your hand
You never know when your time will be done
So just shine, shine brighter than the sun
Just shine, there's nothing you've got to hide
Show the world you've got inside
Cause you've only got one time
Just shine x5

1st verse

Blad we go so far back we had mad fights nowadays we both laugh at
You the only one that stuck with me through the thick and thin
But I took you for granted and that's the wickedist ting.
I trust you and that's all I can ask for, So my marge is your marge blad my yard's yours
People think i'm too hard on you but don't rap if there's suttin that you can rather do
If you do wanna rap, then show me why, there's no time to be intimid blad don't be shy
You can't use them stupid excuses with me because there's so much more than you can achieve
Just come out of your shell, don't be ashamed of your skill, be proud of yourself
Listen I ain't going on fuckery, but I want you to have success as much as me
I don't want you just being my hype man trust me blad you can bust if I can
When I see you lacking focus I get qutie mad, you should be getting the exposure that i've had
If you don't want it, that's cool with me, you ain't just some breh that went school with me
I'm a person you've got nothing to prove to and I know nowadays I don't check you as much as I used to

2nd verse

For my sister ... Aisha, my beautiful survivor, from now on I do my best to be nicer
My brother left us with a burden that we carry but you were born to shine you deserve to be happy
I know I play my music loud when you're trying to sleep but i'll do anything just to seeing you smilin' at me
When I look in those big brown eyes, I know without you i'm like clouds without the sky
When I was young I would steal your sweets and take your money, no matter how much I met you with hate you'd love me
You used to draw in the corner and just think quietly, your determination and strength has inspired me
Time flies and now we're both grown up, but it's unfair that you've been through so much
But please don't let it get you down, don't let the past upset you now
Cause the mind gets tortured by over-analysis, look your gorgeous you know that you're talented
Do all the things that you love to do, there ain't a man on this Earth good enough for you
When I say we can get hit by a comet, this is honest, live for today cause tomorrow isn't promised
If you need me, never try to hesitate, i'm here for you, anytime, any place

Lowkey - Let Me Live Lyrics

Artist: Lowkey
Album: Uncensored

This is for those who died on the 7th of July, passed tragically
and the many more that are gettin' killed in Iraq as we speak
Our bombs that we taxpayers are paying for
everyday we're slaving more, you're wrong saying we aint at war
56 losses that's what intelligence said
In Iraq, they'll never tell us how many are dead
And In the event that's up to our government
They don't show the numbers, (Why?)
'cos the public can't stomache it
How can you represent truth & freedom
when you're pillaging & killing innocent humanbeings
That is something Iraqi youths are used to seeing
So tell me truly, what do you believe in?
They've been telling us lies for years, still we wanna listen
The public got a shield for the guilty politician
Now at the end of the day, why are they sharing their views?

'cos I never seen The Queen or Tony Blair on the tube

Let me live my life
With your your predjudice
Why am I getting frisked, I aint no terrorist
Let me live my life
Evidence is irrelevant 'cos we're a threat and defence will get rid of it
Ever since September 11 they've been obsessed,
opression is what's happening

Let me live my life
Forget arrest on the spot, death sentence, leave my people alone, just let them live

These days we can't even bop through Oxford Circus
without pointless coppers tryin to stop and search us
what's the purpose, why you wanna bother me
Increase security? Pff, tell them to fix up their foreign policy
I can't even sit on the tube with my walkman and listen to tunes
without them getting suspicious and rude
Watching closely at the things that I do
why are you so intrested bitch, Im probably more british than you
Gotta talk safe on the phone, for years I had the same digits
with _ try n take you to court for a train ticket
Don't argue, just listen instead
ID Card a step closer to a chip in your head
there's a bomb scare,
they ask me, what? Where? Who? Why?
It's not fair

How many muslims have blonde hair and blue eyes

so think twice
Of who you try to bother
You're just as likely to be that suicde bomber

Let me live my life
With your your predjudice
Why am I getting frisked, I aint no terrorist
Let me live my life
Evidence is irrelevant 'cos we're a threat and defence will get rid of it
Ever since September 11 they've been obsessed,
opression is what's happening
Let me live my life
Forget arrest on the spot, death sentence, leave my people alone, just let them live

Police shot an innocent man, 5 times in the head
No militant plan, just died 'cos he ran crying and fled

Do they really want us to riot and ride on these feds?
Yea maybe violence will have the desired effect
The other day a man got shot on the tube It's ill
If you were his fam, Imagine how you would feel
On the news, you never see the truth reveal
face it the truth is muslim racists that they shoot to kill
It's all gone wild, they got us locked down in compounds
Evidence is not found, no trial, this needs to stop now
And they got the nerve, to say we're hostile
Forget crackhouses, they're raiding Mosques now
I wish I could say that the future's bright
But It's not and It can't so I choose to fight
What have you got in your heart blud, you decide
'cos everyday they're abusing our human rights

Let me live my life
With your your predjudice
Why am I getting frisked, I aint no terrorist
Let me live my life
Evidence is irrelevant 'cos we're a threat and defence will get rid of it
Ever since September 11 they've been obsessed,
opression is what's happening
Let me live my life
Forget arrest on the spot, death sentence, leave my people alone, just let them live

Lowkey - Tell Me Why Lyrics

Artist: Lowkey
Album: Uncensored

Put your lighters up...

They will fight till extinction
And using the nations as weapons
Again.
Tell me why...

I've been gone for a while but don't watch that
'Cos now I'm back ready to show all these whack rappers how to rap
Type my name on youtube and watch that, get the picture. Yep
I'm the biggest threat to your little rep on the internet
Forget Channel U don't watch that, no one spits facts
And since wifey riddem everybody's making chit chats
But when my vid drops and you watch that, you'll be seeing why
There's a big difference between me and the meaty guys
MTV cribs I don't watch that, the greed sickens me
I guess I just look at the world and see it differently
Kids starving to death and when I watch that, I cry inside
How can rappers live in yards that typa size
Kids film happy slaps and they watch that, then text their friends
Generations of degenerates, will it never end?
The Twin Towers fell and we watched that
It was control demolition, there was no terrorism; it's not that

They will fight till extinction
And using the nations as weapons
Again.
Tell me why...

Youths get the Scarface movie and watch that, live that violent dream
They shoulda watched more carefully in the final scene
Forget Big Brother don't watch that, even if the other TV's shit
You can't spend your life watching other people live
Turn off Fox News, don't watch that - read a book
Glance back at history 'cos we need to look
They film us on CCTV and watch that, are we catalogue humans?
Oyster cards stay tracking our movements
Forget Myspace don't watch that, I ain't feeding Murdock
Or looking at girls posing with their skirts off
Forget profile hits, don't watch that, I know people can tell
Those numbers don't equal yourselves
Forget Borat, don't watch that, it ain't funny fam
And that's start of something bigger than you understand
And there's talk on the road but don't watch that, 'cos I'm well known
And wherever I go my name rings like a cellphone

They will fight till extinction
And using the nations as weapons

Again.
Tell me why...

Lowkey - Freestyle 2 Lyrics

Artist: Lowkey
Album: Uncensored

The album, coming out November, Dear Listener
The Mongrel album coming out January, Better Than Heavy, cheez

Listen, this is what we say to them Channel U youths, listen, them little Channel U kiddies, listen…

OK!

So what you're on the telly
What you know about putting out three CDs before you were twenty?
You know that you heard of me
What you know about being eighteen and doing shows in Germany?
What you know about four stars in a magazine?
What you know about the game, waste man I have the key?
What you know about hundred bars on the radio?
Nothing, you weren't making dough you were lazy bro
You're following, before you were bothering I was on this ting
Songs filled my pockets with profit, I'm being honest king
Said it's all politics before anybody hollered it
Turned down chances cos I knew what they were offering
Called out a couple names, had the game gossiping
Never hear Kizzy on the track with Lady Sovereign
Might see me in your girl's favourite magazine modelling
Pulling up in a tinted whip with a model in
Shot my first CD myself it was astonishing
Stockers wouldn't stock us now we tell ‘em stop grovelling
Our shottas shot to shoppers and shottas we got a lot of them
Coppers can't cop it, were coppers so stop copying
Now we're topping the toppers from Tottenham to Nottingham
All your favourite rappers want us to do a song with ‘em
Me, I ain't bothered with all of the fake politics
Me, I just live my life and stay positive
Epitome of verse-killing, lyrically I'm hearse-fillin'
Been out for a minute G… surfacing
Your whole trilogy still didn't beat my worst rhythm
What you figured B, you're as ill as me, I heard different
See your favourite MC, I nurtured him
And see all your favourite beats, I murdered ‘em
Face it your click is wasted, I won't work with ‘em
They certainly heard of me from Guernsey to Birmingham
(Woo!) Cos the name holds weight, still I wake up to the same old hate
And pray for a day my face ain't so bait
I'm a rapper other rappers act like they don't rate
Cos when DJs get my tunes they play it eight shows straight
Rewind it and drop bigger bombs than NATO make
To be real it ain't all about the radio play
Cos we all wanna bust, there just ain't no space
And the games dying, nobody's getting record sales
Channel U's full of sweet boys try'n'a impress the girls

The only rappers a lot of bredders have ever felt
Are dead or depressed in jail and never getting mail
When alive they hate, when gone, you're the best ever
This ain't a comeback fck that, I'm a trendsetter
People talk and get me differently twisted cos
This rap sht is the motherfcking business
So what you peddle pebbles, you're dead whenever my pencil moves
On every level I rep with rebels, you never lose
You resemble devils with terrible tales you sell the youths
You need to fix up yourself and tell the truth
You've been rich for ten plus years, still sellin' crack
Saying that you're still bustin' guns, why tell em that?
Knowing that these kids emulate every rhyme you've ever spat
You need to get your role models from somewhere else instead of rap
You shouldn't really need me to explain
You know that you imitate with what you speak and what you say
You've got more power than their parents but you're leading them astray
You don't tell them that these illegal ways will lead ‘em to the cage
I'm pssed. Why? I got dck-riding bredders hating
While you spit rhymes that misguided my generation
You're not real, cos what you're saying ain't the truth
You're try'n'a kill the kids, me, I'm try'n'a save the youths
The future's removal of humans, computers, pursued revolution
Hell is hot we burn like chips in a pan
At your kid's birth they'll insert a chip in its hand
I spent so many sleepless nights pondering reasons why
Most of the good people in my life seem to die
See my eyes take a look, deep inside seek to find
The bottom of my soul, find the hole where my demons hide
All I want's a peaceful life, but I can't see it like
Every morning Mum weeps and cries so I don't even try
Still she teaches me right, stay humble and be polite
But she never saw what I saw on the streets at night
I just wanna see the light, raise a yout', feed my wife
But they're try'n'a take away my freedom so I need to fight
Redesign your feeble mind and read the signs, be advised
Either I get it or I'm taking what I feel is mine
My life is like the best book you ever read
Spent nights listening to Westwood and getting vexed
My pen writes when I'm depressed cos I never slept
Bredders step, let's do it man to man like Red and Meth
You can freestyle all day, I make the best songs
I'm like an insomniac's bed, rarely slept on
The open mics, you know that's where I got my rep from
Shady bredders thought they were big but they were dead wrong
Rap with the spitter's spitters and spit for the rapper's rappers
I rip the rhythm to ribbons from Britain to Madagascar
Listen to lyricists and I diss all the backwards actors
Dismiss all the killing sht cos none of that crap should matter
You know I'm right, go and find a rapper that's as real as this
He couldn't battle, the flipping demons that I'm dealing with
I know my life ain't the hardest but even if you envy what I got
And you wanna swap, we can switch
The artist, slash terrorist, slash Double P representative

Slash the worst rapper could ever diss
Slash activist, slash kidnapper of the president
Slash his wrists and leave a flippin' slash where his temple is

(Yeah! Cheez, let's keep going man. I do this all day
Dear Listener LP November)

Listen, this is for all the hungry rappers out there yeah?

Listen, listen…

Since the day you left I've been stuck in place
They say that time heals, but still nothing changed
Every time I close my eyes I see you stubborn face
And every morning I'm home I see my mother's pain
The day you died, I had a dream where I said sorry
I threw the second piece of dirt on your dead body
When I don't see Mum for a while I get worried
Cos if she died then that would take the rest of me
Sitting in the hearse, driving to the cemetery
I kept wishing it was me that was getting buried
In a lot of ways, I feel like I'm dead already
Cos it's October and I ain't cracked a smile since February
I can feel it in the air, coming I'm just getting ready
I just wanted to hang about but you would never let me
After you passed, advice I was getting plenty
I made you famous because ‘Bars For My Brother' was legendary
People all over the globe shared in the pain
But how could you leave our parents this way?
What's worse than losing a son? I compared in my brain
Nothing! While I just sit back and stare at this page
I know you know that I didn't really hate you
But if you were still here would I appreciate you?
I don't know, harsh reality is so cold
Dad visits your grave every week but I won't go
A crossroads not knowing what way I wanna choose
Like I'm cursed to an eternity of solitude
MPs talking ‘bout their bollocks views
I'm having arguments with the telly when I watch the news
You know that feeling you get when the whole world's on top of you?
Your demons seem to follow you
People say they're there but don't bother to holler you
Can't trust yourself so trusting them is impossible
No one said life was supposed to be fair
Can't tell people what you're going through, they won't even care
You're not the only one feeling trapped, lonely and scared
Waking up in cold sweats but nobody's there
You're in a dark place, running from issues that you can't face
Conversations make your heart race at a fast pace
Can't relate to anyone, that's something that you can't face
Never ever act like we are, but we aren't mates
You just ate but you're still hungry though fam
Walk like I'm young but talk like a grumpy old man
I hate thinking ‘bout the future, why? Cos it hurts me

Imagining myself still living with my Mum at thirty
Really not sure if I'm stable mentally
Cos I always focus on my painful memories
I pray for my family, pray for enemies
Pray for my friends and myself cos I never sleep
Pray for the day I break from this cage and they let me free
Pray that I'm sent to a place that is heavenly
Pray for my present, pray for my legacy
And pray it's in a positive way, they remember me

Yes, MK, peace and love yeah

Lowkey - Wake Up Lyrics

Artist: Lowkey
Album: Uncensored

I woke up this morning so I had to make a new track
This is the difference between true stories and true facts
This right here is what waking up feels like
This is the difference between real talk and real life
It's a treacherous road so mind the GAP
because they try to blur the lines between lies and facts
They told you, it was finished, but that's all a lie
'cos there's children in them sweatshops some as young as four or five
check the tag on your trainers
they say It's important the product get endorsed by somebody famous
So we think It looks cool,
while slaves are stichin' footballs in Pakistan
I break it down in a way that other rappers can't
It's hard to stop sleeping and wake up, 'cos It's to real
But if karma doesn't get you first then the truth will
we livin in some wild days
according to Unicef there's 246 million child slaves
So…

CHOURS

Open your eyes and listen to this
cos little innocent kids are stitchin them kicks
Im ticked of, cos we live in this myth
the devils biggest trick was convincing the people he didnt exist
So.
You think It ended but It never did
they put the chocolate in our mouth
the logos on our precisous kicks
the logos on our backs, the coffe we drink almost everything,
there's more slaves on earth right now than there's ever been

You listen to the wrong rappers
Companies are using childslaves and blaming it all on their subcontractors
Don't need to guess who's sew those jeans, but who's buying these clothes
who gives us coco beans from the ivory coast
the answers are hard, but you dont need to search the skies
they're in Asian sweatshops makin Mickey Mouse merchendise
Nowdays there's less to do with the color of your skin, fam
It's more to do with the country that you're in, fam
wont stop spittin til' there's a change
every purchase that we make, keep the children in chains
It's so twisted and strange to me
some parents are so poor they sell their own kids into slavery
It's an ugly state of affairs
slaves used to pick cotton but now they stich tics on the trainers we wear
when they tell you It's finished, don't let them
'cos It's still here, even though It got abolished in 1807

CHOURS

This is for those who kept faith
and all the children around the globe gettin sold as sex slaves
Back in the day it was bad but this is the next phase
Nowdays everything's in our hands fam, Let's change
In these tragic times, we gotta analyze these rappers rhymes
fact is they blind, and they glamourize a pack of lies
The powers got us distracted but we got to fight
'cos these days It's not as simple as being black or white
We need to fix our lives and get some unity
'cos 'til the feds get their weapons and executing me
putting me back to sleep is something you could never do to me
Yours truly, Lowkey the rapper slash Revoultionary
do your research if you dont believe It still exists
It's just a matter of how long can we live with it
You could call me a hypocrite
'cos if you look at my shoe on my foot right now, you'd see a little tic on it

Lowkey - Read Between The Lines Lyrics

Artist: Lowkey
Album: Uncensored

After what happened on 9/11
Saddam was a threat they had to find his weapons
Then an inspector said that he never had any
A couple of months later that mans buried
Its damn scary cuz he exposed their rutheless lies
Then apparently commited suicide
But its obvious that he didnt choose to die
The truth is he was brutally crucified
Just imagine if they invaded great britain
Face it that war was based on rascism
I love michael but deep down hes a child
For years they said he was a pedophile
But when it went to court he beat the trial
The reason is money buys freedom so hes aloud
Dont believe the hype or let em cease your mind
People please read in between the lines

Yo I might get misquoted in an interview
And people might say somthing about me that isnt true
Or say that I did somthing I didnt do
Cuz I say im arab some people disapprove
Straight up its made blood the fakeness annoys me
Like a club night that doesnt pay its employees
I dont go there with my friends to party
Cuz thats about as hiphop as gwen stefani
Years back 50 was real his shit was raw
Now the same man call him a snitch and fraud
Joss stone didnt sell when she hit the stores
But that changed when she won two brit awards
A certain MC set up a clique but found breaders
Worst than him just so he could sound better
Dont believe the hype or let em cease your mind
People please read inbetween the lines

Yo yo hiphop use to be done on the streets
Now every mug and their mom wants a piece
Suburban parents hated this music their kids love
Now even britney spears tries to spit rub (not sure about this)
They copy whats out to dumb to innovate
Christina aguilera justin timberlake
When garage was around and the ends for ages
Then they called it grime and westwood played it
Then you got american rappers like mobdeep
Who spit about murdering people on hot beats
(something about)squash beef
When you look at the affect they have its off keep
Bush rigged the first election even let us find out
Then you wonder why he won again the second time round

Dont believe the hype or let em cease your mind
People please read inbetween the lines

Over Yeah yeah you know in these days and times
Weve got to train our minds to read inbetween the lines
Weve got to figure out whose who
Weve got to see the people for who they are

Lowkey - Bars For My Brother Lyrics

Artist: Lowkey
Album: Uncensored

So many regrets
So many unanswered questions
I miss you...
Miss you so much...
Listen

Yo yo yo yo
I hope you're somewhere listening to this
I wish I knew why you did what you did
'Cause I still haven't really come to terms with the truth
There must have been something you were determined to prove
The lessons you taught me, I can't forget
But there's so many unanswered questions
Now everything seems meaningless
You lived fast and died young
But my brother you were a genius
How could you ever believe that you'll survive
I don't care what they say, that shit was suicide
I won't lie, there was much distance between you and I
I should've told you not to do it, don't be stupid (why?)
You've got looks, got brains and your future's bright
Now you're gone I feel like I'm gon' lose my mind
I never thought you'd get yourself organised
I wish we saw the signs, the shock left us all traumatised
These are awful times, and I need more than rhymes
'Cause this was more than a tragedy
You can't just cheat the forces of gravity
You left me here to hold a brave face supporting the family

In a way you were dying to live
It's fucked up man, I'm crying while I'm writing this shit
Water from my eyes is stopping me from lighting my spliff
Why didn't you realise that your life is a gift
Mum and Dad don't understand why they've outlived their son
Every single CD, Mix Tape and Album to come
Is dedicated to none other than my blood brother
But I hate you, for the way you made my Mum suffer
Words can't explain, how a certain part of my heart hurts with the harshest pain
Last time we spoke, we said we weren't brothers and we aren't the same
I told myself you were too far past insane
How could we not take your death badly
I just asked mum and she said your name meant happy

But my soul is too cold to laugh
My heart bleeds when I'm looking at your old school photograph
I wish that I could touch your beautiful flesh
I'm writing but we ain't even had the funeral yet
Now death is something, that I'm staying ever ready for

You had plenty more to give, you weren't even 24
I don't understand why you had to die
In a lot of rappers rhymes, death is glamorised
Not me, I'll always stay remembering you
I should've known this was something you'd eventually do
When you got shived, we should've known it was bad
The next day I was sitting here consoling my Dad

It's like a nightmare, it still doesn't seem real
But this is my life, not some fucking deep film
It's the strange feeling I felt in the late night
Witnesses said that you fell from a great height
Can't be my brother man, tell me it ain't right
Right now I'd rather blaze, we could face life
Shit what a waste, what a shame
I just gotta make sure your life wasn't lost in vain
This is my brother, not just a departed friend
So hard for my marge and them to start again
From now on our lives will never be the same
We holding on too tight for the memories to fade
24 years was hardly a life
On the day you passed, it's like a part of me died
I've been scarred many times but this pain is so much worse
And it's so much harder to describe
You will still be missed
I'm sorry we didn't support you, we thought we did
I wish I broke your leg so you couldn't jump
Now all I can do... is rep your fuckin name like I should've done
'Cause it's only right
I'm still not sleeping, but now I'm seeing your ghost at night
We all wish we could've stopped you
I know I can't go back in time now, but I want to
It's like a tightened knot that I can't undo
Why did I have to lose you to realize I loved you
Be careful what you wish for, in case it comes true
Right now I'm confused, feeling so subdued
When they arrested you, they wanted to section you
The only thing we did wrong was going and getting you
Next morning you was up, not doing what you was meant to do
That wasn't the life that you were meant to have
That wasn't the way that it was meant to be
You were sick, not physically but mentally

I still ain't got a fraction of this shit off of my chest
All that goes through my mind is them constant regret
Why why why did you die for no reason
All of a sudden the weathers cold its so freezing
Have you ever head the saying, when it rains it pours
Don't ever try to tell me my pain is the same as yours
'Cause it's not, and everything isn't what it seems
I'm pinching myself but I know that this is not a dream
Why did you have to do that, this isn't fair
Listen my brother, never think that I didn't care
There's no words to describe the way that this feels

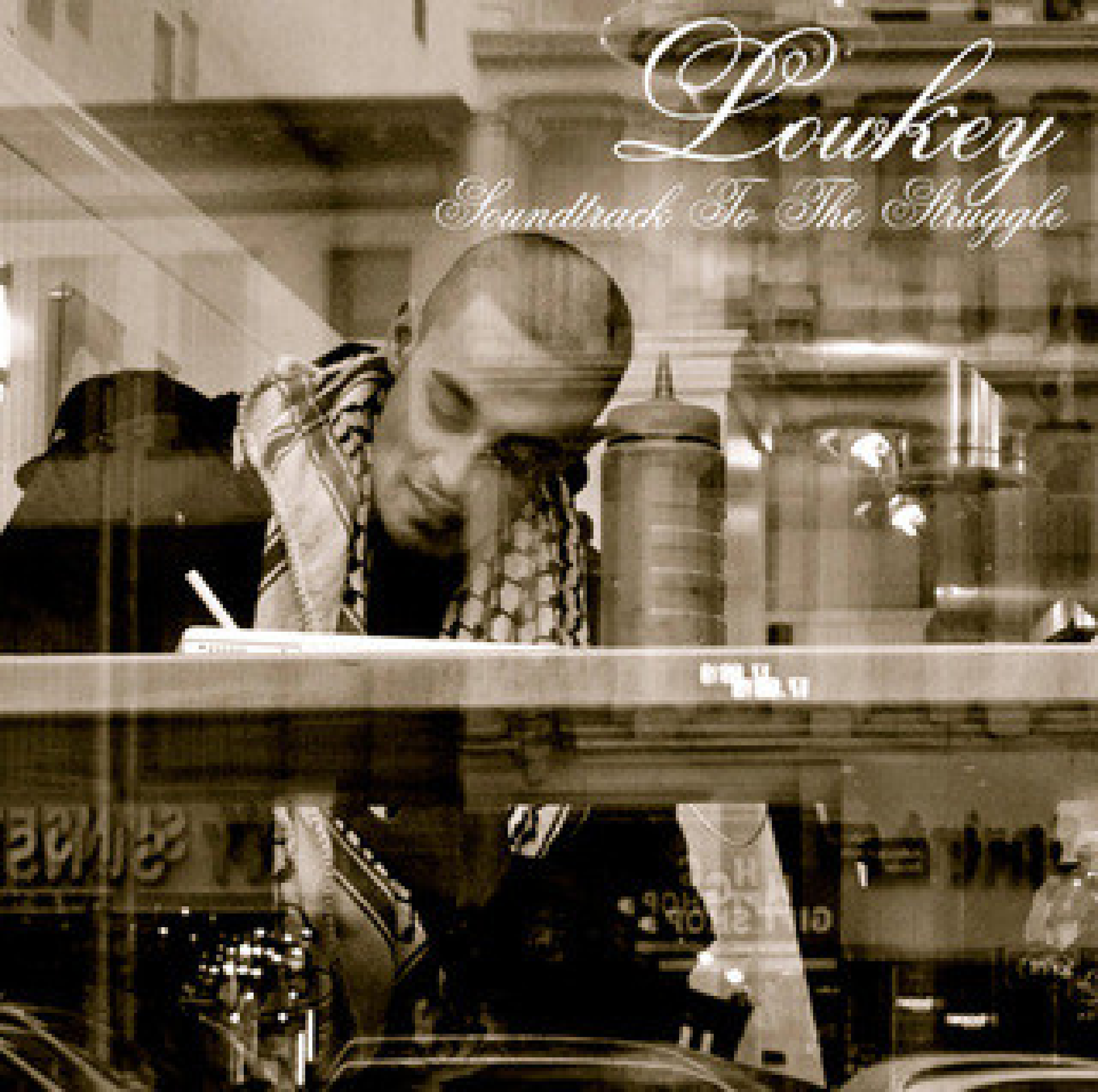
Now I can clearly separate the fake from the real
Why did everyone else have to be bro
I still can't quiet believe that you're actually gone
Just 5 days, 5 days and it feels like the same day
Weed ain't helping but I need it just to maintain
'Cause the bleak reality is terrible
And last night mom was practically hysterical
People I thought would care, couldn't care less
I need a lot of support 'cause I'm feeling bare stressed
And everyone else seems immature
I'm being tested, thinking what is there left that I'm living for
I need to clear my thoughts, stop thinking and try n breathe
Just a week ago I was so innocent and naive
Now my insides are burning like hells flames
I've realized up until now I've never felt pain
It's so evident that everything I cared about before was so irrelevant
There's certain people that call when they see that this shit is hurting
But I see them for what they are now 'cause I'm a different person

R.I.P.
I miss you...
In fact fuck R.I.P
I want you to live through me
Live through me...
Live through me...
Live... through... me...

Lowkey - Freestyle 3 Lyrics

Artist: Lowkey
Album: Uncensored

It's like, it's like these days Dj's won't play a track if i'm on it.
But ironically they play Dj Ironic, my logic tells me that i don't rap about the right topics.
Because my politics scare people so they hide from it.
Give me an instrumental and i'll shine on it, so bright i'll burn your eye socket.


Lowkey
Soundtrack To The Struggle

"Soundtrack To The Struggle" lyrics

Lowkey Lyrics

"Soundtrack To The Struggle"

[Intro: Lowkey]
It's been a long time coming
Too long
Too long
It's been in the making a quarter century
But it's here now
It's here now
If by the time you hear this album
I'm not here
You know why

[Hook: Mavado]
Tell ya
So mi say
Too many suffering too many tears
To see a youth die I'm a know him for years
When me look around nobody care
The people dem a live inna fear

The system need to change right now
To much you do could a inna grieve right now
I know si the bigger is a give right now
After ghetto people a no steep right now (Woo ooh! oi!)

The system need to change right now
To much you do could a inna grieve right now
I know si the bigger is a give right now
After ghetto people a no steep right now (yeah yeah!)

[Verse 1: Lowkey]
My music is my natural resource, now I want it back
Til I sever every single chain I will not relax
Just constant attack, til my world looks like Monserrat
Contact my comrades, for combat, what's conscious rap
When you say the truth, they attack like a Sabertooth
Thinking clear they make you disappear like you hate the fruit
We don't need more Boeings, we don't need more Rebors, weed or Lyor Cohens
They tell us about terrorism and tell us about terrorists
Look up the definition and tell us what terror is
Only know the definition if the television tells us it
Public Enemy #1 they treat me like Professor Griff
This album has been in the making a quarter century
Born to bless the beat and rap over recorded melody
I knew the truth since I was a small little boy
I am a product of the system I was born to destroy

[Hook: Mavado]

Me can't believe I saw dem cheat people
And they fi protect and dem a leave people
I me no si no system fi di street people
Can't believe di money lead people

The system need to change right now
To much you do could a inna grieve right now
I know si the bigger is a give right now
After ghetto people a no steep right now (Woo ooh! oi!)

The system need to change right now
To much you do could a inna grieve right now
I know si the bigger is a give right now
After ghetto people a no steep right now (yeah yeah!)

[Verse 2: Lowkey]
On the news, they glorify their own henchmen
Support the troops, but won't mention Joe Glenton
It's funny 'cos the rappers are posing as the gangsters
While the government taking money as bonuses for bankers
In life you learn, to close your eyes and hold your tongue
But together we will overcome, there's never been a chosen one
Still tryina understand, the land I stand on
I'll probably die from cancerous anger like Franz Fanon
I will never give up, I will never just quit
I will never give in, I will never submit
The reason that I came, Is bleeding from the veins
Of the people cus we equal, only Freedom is the aim
This album has been in the making a quarter century
Born to bless the beat and rap over recorded melody
I knew the truth since I was a small little boy
I am a product of the system I was born to destroy

[Hook: Mavado]
Me can't believe I saw dem cheat people
And they fi protect and dem a leave people
I me no si no system fi di street people
Can't believe di money lead people

The system need to change right now
To much you do could a inna grieve right now
I know si the bigger is a give right now
After ghetto people a no steep right now (Woo ooh! oi!)

The system need to change right now
To much you do could a inna grieve right now
I know si the bigger is a give right now
After ghetto people a no steep right now (yeah yeah!)

[Verse 3: Lowkey]
If you're subordinate to corporate guys supplying you orders
You're fighting fire with fire, I'm fighting fire with water
When they kill me, I know I'll die with a focused mind

Plus there will be millions of me, ready to multiply
Dont just mention, acknowledge me, remember to honour me
My pen and this honesty, defending equality
Declared a republic, and ended your monarchy
Your corporate dictatorship, pretends it's democracy
I hold your bloodline, accountable for every crime
Adam Smith to Rothschild, it's all been a clever lie
Two choices now, revolution or genocide
But thanks to Rupert Murdoch neither one will be televised
This album has been in the making a quarter century
Born to bless the beat and rap over recorded melody
I knew the truth since I was a small little boy
I am a product of the system I was born to destroy

[Hook: Mavado]
Me can't believe I saw dem cheat people
And they fi protect and dem a leave people
I me no si no system fi di street people
Can't believe di money lead people

The system need to change right now
To much you do could a inna grieve right now
I know si the bigger is a give right now
After ghetto people a no steep right now (Woo ooh! oi!)

The system need to change right now
To much you do could a inna grieve right now
I know si the bigger is a give right now
After ghetto people a no steep right now (yeah yeah!)

"Too Much" lyrics

Lowkey Lyrics

"Too Much"

(feat. Shadia Mansour)

[Intro: Lauryn Hill]
If you down with the rich man, and that can be rich in anything,
Don't you take too much,
If you laugh at a poor man, and that can be poor in anything,
Don't you laugh too much,
If you tryin' to be rich man, and that can be rich in anything
Don't you take too much,
And if you need to be needed, and you're lookin' for purpose,
Just remember, don't you need too much...

[Hook: Shadia Mansour]
If you take something you, don't need, and keep it
Then you've stolen from somebody else who's hungry
Everything that you do, is everything you are
Everything that I am, is everything you'll ever need.

[Verse 1: Lowkey]
Money can buy power, but it can't buy respect
Money can't buy sleep, but it can buy a bed
Money can't buy you love, but it can buy sex
Do you posses money or by money are you possessed?
Money can buy a house, but it can't buy a home
So even with money you still feel all alone
Money can buy you friends, but it can't buy family
Money can't make you happy, that's just a fallacy
It can buy a bath, but it can't buy purity
It can buy bodyguards, but it can't buy security
While people around the world starve, I eat
Cause money can buy war, but it can't buy peace
Some do everything and anything to get the p's
The society we livin' in, it's a necessity
It's got the power to turn your best friends to enemies
It's funny cause money doesn't follow us when we leave.

[Hook: Shadia Mansour]
If you take something you, don't need, and keep it
Then you've stolen from somebody else who's hungry
Everything that you do, is everything you are
Everything that I am, is everything you'll ever need.

[Verse 2: Lowkey]
Does happiness live in a mansion with a swimming pool?
I know people with plenty of money that are miserable
We all need to earn in this world we live
Most work for it, some steal, but many worship it
Some sell poison for it, some seek employment for it

We need it to survive, so some clean the toilets for it
I need papes to live but never will I live for papes
Abolish the Queen, I don't wanna see that witch's face
Many sell their soul for it, no not me
Some will try to tell you that it doesn't grow on trees
I heard the sayin' said, many a time, but they were wrong
Cause if it doesn't tell me where do you get the paper from?
Most think they will be happy if they only had more of it
Some wasted, some feel more important because they're born with it
Some have got the nerve to say you're fraudulent for forging it
The truth is you don't need a fortune to be fortunate.

[Hook: Shadia Mansour]
If you take something you, don't need, and keep it
Then you've stolen from somebody else who's hungry
Everything that you do, is everything you are
Everything that I am, is everything you'll ever need.

"Voices Of The Voiceless" lyrics

Lowkey Lyrics

"Voices Of The Voiceless"

(with Immortal Technique)

[Lowkey]
From West 10 to the West Bank,
I write righteous rhymes with my right and wrestle the devil with my left hand,
Never work for a Zionist, never been a yes man,
My art is like Rembrandt painting pictures of death camps,
The average person is allergic to the words of wisdom,
This is for everyone of Saddam's Kurdish murder victims,
And all the pure souls that never had the chance to speak,
Truth pumps in my arteries and causes my heart to beat,
For soldiers haunted and tortured by guilty memories,
Who realized too late to reveal their real enemy,
It's all dead wrong
For every victim of racist persecution from Auschwitz to Hebron,
My words may sting cowards,
For people that were atomized by the Thermate in the Twin Towers
Those living through the wars,
Ask me what I do this for,
Put the world in its place before it put you in yours,

[Chorus]
[Rochelle Rose]
What happens under darkness shall come to light,
Can't silence us even though you try,
[Lowkey]
You can try to avoid us but it's pointless
You can never avoid the voices of the voiceless
[Rochelle Rose]
Take our freedom, Can't take our pride,
Come what may we will survive,
[Lowkey]
You can try to avoid us but it's pointless,
You can never avoid the voices of the voiceless

[Immortal Technique]
Keep my third eye hidden under my New York fitted,
A crazy unmarried man that deserves to be committed,
The future is encrypted in my troubled lyrics,
Dream that I've been somewhere for weeks, then wake up in a couple minutes,
Sweat dripping with visions of population control,
Thoughts overflowing my world like the melting of the North Pole,
My people are targeted by military crack committees,
So I'm bucking at the feds like natives in Rapid City,
Reality savage, my words are like a riot in Paris,
The voice of the voiceless, that voice is social imbalance,
So stand strong or sit harder in your mental palace,
Blinded inside a Kingdom united to its old habits,

But now, Middle Passage coming, War Chant, African drumming,
Gatling gun humming,
Rapid fire mechanism, reckless living,
That checks the rhythm of perfectionism,
Slave condition,
While you're singing God save the system,

[Chorus]
[Rochelle Rose]
What happens under darkness shall come to light,
Can't silence us even though you try,
[Lowkey]
You can try to avoid us but it's pointless
You can never avoid the voices of the voiceless
[Rochelle Rose]
Take our freedom, Can't take our pride,
Come what may we will survive,
[Lowkey]
You can try to avoid us but it's pointless,
You can never avoid the voices of the voiceless

[Lowkey]
Detain my body, but you can't imprison my mind,
If it's my time I'll probably die with my fist in the sky,
These are the thoughts of a man who can't escape from his coma,
Cries of a young virgin girl who got raped by them soldiers,

[Immortal Technique]
Birthing a screaming bastard, post colonial nation,
Subject to childhood diseases, famine, war and inflation,
Education molded you into your masters image,
And you forgot who the f*ck you were before the war was finished

[Lowkey]
You're hearing the ghosts of Nagasaki, you're hearing Hiroshima,
Beautiful babies being born with the weirdest features,
You might never see me in the charts,
But Inshallah my seed can see peace in Iraq,

[Immortal Technique]
But peace and freedom can never be given,
That's historically forbidden, cause only collision is the recipe,
Changing the course of destiny, so I'm strapped with weaponry,

[Lowkey & Immortal Technique]
'Cause the government don't give a f*ck about protecting me.

[Chorus]
[Rochelle Rose]
What happens under darkness shall come to light,
Can't silence us even though you try,
[Lowkey]
You can try to avoid us but it's pointless

You can never avoid the voices of the voiceless
[Rochelle Rose]
Take our freedom, can't take our pride,
Come what may we will survive,
[Lowkey]
You can try to avoid us but it's pointless,
You can never avoid the voices of the voiceless

"Hand On Your Gun" lyrics

Lowkey Lyrics

"Hand On Your Gun"

[Intro:]
This one is dedicated to the suit-wearing arms dealers
To the champagne-sipping depleted uranium droppers

[Hook:]
Keep your hand on your gun
Don't you trust anyone
Keep your hand on your gun
Don't you trust anyone

[Verse 1:]
First in my scope is BAE Systems
Specialize in killing people from a distance
Power is a drug and they feed the addiction
Immediate deletion of people's existence
Who says what is and what isn't legitimate resistance
To push these buttons you don't need a brave heart
State of the art darts leave more than your face scarred
You might impress an A&R with your fake bars
Cause you probably think Rolls Royce only make cars
This is for the colonizers turned bomb-providers
Take this beef all the way back to Oppenheimer
They call it warfare but your wars aren't fair
If they were there'd be suicide bombers in Arms Fairs
On a scam for the funds, they will mangle your son
If you try to speak out they will stamp on your tongue
To your land they will come till you stand up as one
It's begun

[Hook:]
Keep your hand on your gun
Don't you trust anyone
Keep your hand on your gun
Don't you trust anyone

[Verse 2:]
Next in my scope is Lockheed Martin
They will tell you when the bombs need blastin'
Don't think, just listen to the songs, keep dancin'
Do they really want us to have our own brains
Who do you think is really running Guantanamo Bay
And it might be sensitive but I'll mention it
Who do you think has got us filling out the censuses
Who do you think is handing out the sentences
This ain't the BBC so there's no censorship
Heard of many mercenaries gettin' with the clever pimp
Not a gun seller but none's better than Erik Prince

Make money off many things, mainly it's crime
This one is dedicated to the Raytheon 9
On a scam for the funds, they will mangle your son
If you try to speak out they will stamp on your tongue
To your land they will come till you stand up as one
It's begun

[Hook:]
Keep your hand on your gun
Don't you trust anyone
Keep your hand on your gun
Don't you trust anyone

"Skit 1" lyrics

Lowkey Lyrics

"Skit 1"

(feat. Rev. Jeremiah Wright)

What Malcolm X said when he got silenced by Elijah Mohammed was in fact true: America's chickens... are coming home to roost.
We took this country by terror, away from the Sioux, the Apache, the Arowak, the Comanche, the Arapahoe, the Navajo. Terrorism.
We took Africans from their country to build our way of ease and kept them enslaved and living in fear. Terrorism.
We bombed Granada and killed innocent civilians, babies, non-military personnel.
We bombed the black civilian community of Panama with stealth bombers and killed unarmed teenagers and toddlers, pregnant mothers, and hardworking fathers.
We bombed Qaddafi's home and killed his child.
Blessed are they who bash your children's head against a rock.
We bombed Iraq. We killed unarmed civilians trying to make a living.
We bombed a plant in Sudan to payback for the attack on our embassy, killed hundreds of hardworking people, mothers and fathers who left home to go that day not knowing that they would never get back home.
We bombed Hiroshima, we bombed Nagasaki and we nuked far more than the thousands in New York and the Pentagon and we never batted an eye.
Kids playing in the playground, mothers picking up children after school, civilians, not soldiers, people just trying to make it day by day.
We have supported state terrorism against the Palestinians and Black South Africans and now we are indignant because the stuff we have done overseas is now brought right back to our own front yards.
America's chickens are coming home to roost.
Violence begets violence.
Hatred begets hatred.
And terrorism begets terrorism.

"Terrorist?" lyrics

Lowkey Lyrics

"Terrorist?"

[Intro:]
So, We must ask ourselves, What is the dictionary definition of "Terrorism"?
The systematic use of terror especially as a means of coercion
But what is terror?

According to the dictionary I hold in my hand, Terror, is violent or destructive acts
Such as bombing committed by groups in order to intimidate a population,
Or government into granting their demands

So what's a terrorist?

[Hook:]
They're calling me a terrorist
Like they don't know who the terror is
When they put it on me, I tell them this
I'm all about peace and love
They calling me a terrorist
Like they don't know who the terror is
Insulting my intelligence
Oh how these people judge...

[Verse 1:]
It seems like the Rag-heads and Paki's are worrying your Dad
But your dad's favorite food is curry and kebab
It's funny, but it's sad how they make your mummy hurry with her bags
Rather read The Sun than study all the facts
Tell me, what's the bigger threat to human society
BAE Systems or home made IED's
Remote controlled drones, killing off human lives
Or man with home made bomb committing suicide
I know you were terrified when you saw the towers fall
It's all terror but some forms are more powerful
It seems nuts, how could there be such agony
When more Israeli's die from peanut allergies
It's like the definition didn't ever exist
I guess it's all just depending who your nemesis is
Irrelevant how eloquent the rhetoric peddler is
They're telling fibs, now tell us who the real terrorist is

[Hook:]
They're calling me a terrorist
Like they don't know who the terror is
When they put it on me, I tell them this
I'm all about peace and love
They calling me a terrorist
Like they don't know who the terror is
Insulting my intelligence

Oh how these people judge...

[Verse 2:]
Lumumba was democracy – Mossadegh was democracy
Allende was democracy – Hypocrisy it bothers me
Call you terrorists if you don't wanna be a colony
We used to bow down to a policy of robbery
Is terrorism my lyrics?
When more Vietnam vets kill themselves after the war than died in it?
This is very basic...
One nation in the world has over a thousand military bases
They say it's religion, when clearly it isn't
It's not just Muslims that oppose your imperialism
Is Hugo Chavez a Muslim? Nah... I didn't think so
Is Castro a Muslim? Nah... I didn't think so
It's like the definition didn't ever exist
I guess it's all just depending who your nemesis is
Irrelevant how eloquent the rhetoric peddler is
They're telling fibs, now tell us who the terrorist is

[Hook:]
They're calling me a terrorist
Like they don't know who the terror is
When they put it on me, I tell them this
I'm all about peace and love
They calling me a terrorist
Like they don't know who the terror is
Insulting my intelligence
Oh how these people judge...

[Outro: x2]
You think that I don't know,
But I know, I know, I know
You think that we don't know
But we know

You think that I don't know,
But I know, I know, I know
You think that we don't know
But we DO

Was Building 7 terrorism?
Was nanothermite terrorism?
Diego Garcia was terrorism,
I am conscious the Contras was terrorism,
Phosphorous that burns hands – that is terrorism,
Irgun and Stern Gang that was terrorism,
What they did in Hiroshima was terrorism,
What they did in Fallujah was terrorism,
Mandela ANC – that was terrorism,
Jerry Adams IRA – that was terrorism,
Eric Prince black water – it was terrorism,
Oklahoma, McVeigh – that was terrorism,

Everyday USA – that is terrorism,
Everyday UK – that is terrorism,
Everyday...

"Something Wonderful" lyrics

Lowkey Lyrics

"Something Wonderful"

Something wonderful...
To chase it all away
For the women of the world, because women are the world
Mixing my emotions... to close the bad again
I'm just letting you know...

I'm tryna be a good man, I can't speak for the others
Know the saying heaven lies at the feet of your mother
Mine showed me the definition of hard work and
Smiles through her tears even though her heart's hurting
Speaks her mind and never ever bites her tongue
I guess today you can say I'm just like my mum
Great grandmother was in Beirut in '82
In a flat when it got invaded by Israeli troops
Sleeping in the hallway for shelter from the bullets
And that's why I'll always respect her to the fullest
Physically gone, all memories are kept in a picture
In Baghdad my nan slept with a Beretta in her slipper
You're judged as a man by everything you amount to
And the respect that you show the women around you
So think about that stuff when you diss her
That's somebody's daughter, somebody's mother and somebody's sister

Something wonderful...
To chase it all away
Mixing my emotions... to close the bad again

I'm not claiming to be perfect, I know what a curve is
But a woman's worth isn't just on the surface
I see too many young women craving affection
Degrading themselves for a male's attention
I know it's love that you're certain that you felt
But messing with these different guys you're just searching for yourself
Would it whore-ish to boast how high your score is
When a man does it, a player is what you call him
What if it's all just lies when she talks to guys
Displays promiscuous ways like it's all alright
Would it make you squirm if the tables turned
Is that really what it would take to make you learn
You're judged as a man by everything you amount to
And the respect that you show the women around you
So think about that stuff when you diss her
That's somebody's daughter, somebody's mother and somebody's sister
I said think about that stuff when you diss her
That's somebody's daughter, somebody's mother and somebody's sister

Something wonderful...

To chase it all away
Mixing my emotions... to close the bad again

Certain things are too deep to put in a verse
Let me apologize to every single woman I've hurt
Or disrespected whether family members or ex's
I wanna make amends for however I left it
Men make them, but the women get harmed in wars
I pray for a heart as pure as Assata Shakur's
We put them down on but on the pedestal we should put them
Behind every good man, there's a good women
Betty Shabazz lost her husband to the handguns
And lost her life when her house was burned down by her grandson
Qubilah saw her father murdered when the hammers passed
So I feel her pain when she tried to murder Farrakhan
You're judged as a man by everything you amount to
And the respect that you show the women around you
So think about that stuff when you diss her
That's somebody's daughter, somebody's mother and somebody's sister
I said think about that stuff when you diss her
That's somebody's daughter, somebody's mother and somebody's sister

Something wonderful...
To chase it all away
Mixing my emotions... to close the bad again

"Dreamers" lyrics

Lowkey Lyrics

"Dreamers"

(feat. Mai Khalil)

[Intro:]
This one is dedicated to the dreamers
Most people see things that are there and ask why
Dreamers, see things that aren't there and ask why not
I'm dreamin' with you

[Verse 1:]
I once knew a girl who on the surface was as solid as a rock
Future full of promise and mind seemed stronger than a ox
Face of beauty and a tongue was as honest as it got
That wasn't what is was, problem rock bottom she was lost
I couldn't see this sweet genius was full of secrets
Full of demons that pulled her deeper in this pool of leeches
Confused by the news, I was bruised when they told me
It concludes to the truth, was she consumed by the loneliness?
She was a true queen, nothing like Elizabeth
Often caught her starin' into space with a distant look
Considerate but detached from others even when intimate
Now I'm searchin' for answers I'd never find in a book
Last time I saw her, before the day she took her life
I wish I fixed her pain, I shoulda, coulda, woulda tried,
But I took it personally and turned to leave,
And to this day I'm still haunted by the words she screamed...

[Hook:]
Sometimes I really really hate myself
Sometimes I wish that I could change myself
Sometimes I don't wanna give no more
And sometimes I just don't wanna live no more
Sometimes I don't know where to go for help
Sometimes I don't really know myself
Sometimes I wish that I could fly away
And find away to a brighter day

[Verse 2:]
They say that life is a question and death is the answer
But Niko lost his brother and Rewds lost his father
God bless your souls please know that I love you both
They say time heals but the pain still doesn't go
I've seen my brother die and seen my mother cry
Seen the wind change in the flutter of a butterfly
Seen people get sectioned for life, I think and wonder
A small twist of fate, that could've been my brother
25 years a life could say thus far
I always have wondered who the same ones are
Though I live by the words fear not I'm afraid

When I wrote this so many tears dropped on the page
It's mad how death always manifests in the weirdest ways
Won't go near the grave but in my dreams he appears the same
Then I get closer and see his face, it's clear as day
He looks me deep in the eyes and I hear him say...

[Hook:]
Sometimes I really really hate myself
Sometimes I wish that I could change myself
Sometimes I don't wanna give no more
And sometimes I just don't wanna live no more
Sometimes I don't know where to go for help
Sometimes I don't really know myself
Sometimes I wish that I could fly away
And find away to a brighter day
[Repeat]

"Skit 2" lyrics

Lowkey Lyrics

"Skit 2"

(feat. Tariq Ali)

Dear friends, I think it's now, time to at least have a first balance sheet, not the last, the first balance sheet of the Obama presidency
As many of you know the images of the campaign are still vivid
Big, large mobilizations in the United States, of young people primarily, desperate for change
And the slogan of that campaign: Change We Can Believe In"
Change Change Change
But what has changed and what hasn't changed
There has been of course been a change in the presidency, and we can't complain too much about that *[Laughter]*
There is a new vice-president also in the United States, and we can't complain too much about that *[Laughter and Applause]*
But the Defence Secretary is the same. That's the guy who sits in the pentagon and organizes wars, and the reason he was kept on was to show that there is, there are both elements of discontinuity at the top AND very strong elements of continuity
And the reason for that, is that if you wear Caesar's clothes, you have to behave like Caesar

"Obama Nation" lyrics

Lowkey Lyrics

"Obama Nation"

[Intro:]
This track is not an attack upon the American people
It is an attack upon the system within which they live
Since 1945 the united states has attempted to
Overthrow more than 50 foreign governments
In the process the us has caused the end of life
For several million people, and condemned many millions
More to a live of agony and despair

[Verse 1:]
The strength of your dreamin
Prevents you from reason
The American dream
Only makes sense if you're sleepin

It's just a cruel fantasy
Their politics took my voice away
But their music gave it back to me

The land where their *[?]* Or consumed by consumption
Killing themselves to shovel down food and abundance
I guess a rapper from Britain is a rare voice
America is capitalism on steroids

Natives kept in casinos and reservations
Displaced slaves never given reparations
Take everything from Native Americans
And wonder why I call it the racist experiment

Afraid of your melanin
The same as it's ever been
That ain't gonna change
With the race of the president

I see imperialism under your skin tone
You could call it Christopher Columbus syndrome

[Chorus: x2]
Is it Obamas nation or an abomination?
Is it Obamas nation or an abomination?
Is it Obamas nation or an abomination?
Doesn't make any difference when they bomb your nation

O! Say can you see by the dawn's early light
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through perilous fight
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming

[Verse 2:]
The worlds entertainer
The worlds devastator
From Venezuela
To Mesopotamia

Your cameras lie
Cause they have to hide the savage crimes
Committed on leaders that happen
To try and nationalize

Eating competitions while the worlds been starvin
Beat up communism with the help of bin-laden
Where would your war of terror be without that man
Every day you create more Nidal Hassans

Kill a man from the military, you're a weirdo
But kill a wog from the Middle East you're a hero
Your country is causing screams that are never reaching ear holes
America inflicted a million ground zeros

Follow the dollar and swallow your humanity
Soldiers committing savagery you never even have to see
Those mad at me, writing in emails angrily
I'm not anti-America, America is anti-me

[Chorus: x2]
Is it Obamas nation or an abomination?
Is it Obamas nation or an abomination?
Is it Obamas nation or an abomination?
Doesn't make any difference when they bomb your nation

And the rocket's red glare,
The bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night
That our flag was still there,

O! Does that star spangled banner yet wave
O'er land of the free and the home of the brave

[Verse 3:]
I don't care if him and Cheney are long lost relations
What matters more is the policies I lost my patience
Stop debating bringing race into conversation
Occupation and cooperation equals profit makin

It's over - people wake up from the dream now
Nobel peace prize, jay z on speed dial
It's the substance within, not the colour of your skin
Are you the puppeteer or the puppet on the string

So many believe that they was instantly gonna change

There was still Dennis Ross, Brzezinski And Robert Gates
What happened to Chas freeman (APAC),
What happened to Tristan Anderson it's a machine that
Keeps that man breathing

I have the heart to say what all the other rappers aren't
Words like Iraq, Palestine - Afghanistan
The wars on, and you morons were all wrong
I call Obama a bomber Cause those are your bombs

"Skit 3" lyrics

Lowkey Lyrics

"Skit 3"

(feat. Senator John McCain)

[Woman:]
I gotta ask you a question
I do not, uh, believe in, I can't trust Obama
I I have read about him and he's not he's not he's a erm, he's an Arab
He is not (no m'am) No? *[laughter]*

[John Mccain:]
No m'am, no m'am
He's a, he's a decent family man citizen that I just happen to have disagreements with on, on fundamental issues, and that's what this campaign is all about
He's not, thank you *[applause]*

"The Cradle Of Civilization" lyrics

Lowkey Lyrics

"The Cradle Of Civilization"

(feat. Mai Khalil)

If my mother got angry or frustrated with me, she'd say...
... and the basic translation of that is "Oh, how beautiful is freedom"
But where is freedom?
Close my eyes, I can still hear my ummi saying
Where is our freedom?
This is for Baghdad, the place of my mothers birth
The cradle of civilization, for what it's worth
The land I've never the seen, culture I've never known
Iraq is in my heart, my blood, my flesh and bones
The air I've never breathed, fragrance I've never smelled
The pride I never had, the nationality that I never felt
Saddam was bad, are the American's even more so?
They made me grow like I was missing part of my torso
But I never picked up a grenade in my garden
I never saw people I love die starving
I never saw my family die through many years of sanctions
While the ruler's family lived in palaces and mansions
Never had a family member kidnapped for a ransom
Never lost a friend to violence that was random
Bombings, occupation, torture, intimidation
A million dead people doesn't equal liberation
Close my eyes, I can still hear my ummi saying
Listen!
Where is our freedom?
Forget division based on ethnicity or religion
Whether you Sunni, Shia, Kurdish or Christian
Pain is still pain if you're a person that's missing
We all deserve a life in this earth that we live in
Is there enough words that can say
How deeply Baghdad is burning today?
And it's not about pity, hands out or sympathy
It's about pride, respect, honour and dignity
Babies being born with deformities from uranium
Those babies aren't just Iraqi, they're Mesopotamian
What I view on the news is making me shiver
Cause I look at the victims and see the same face in the mirror
This system of division makes it harder for you and me
Peace is a question, the only answer is unity!
So many dreams about this place that I've never seen
The place my family had to leave in the 70's
Close my eyes, I can still hear my ummi saying
Where is our freedom?
It rains white phosphorus in Fallujah
This is for those that won't live to see the future
Sorry that I wasn't there, Sorry that I couldn't help
I'm sorry for every tear, Sorry you've been put through hell

Still I feel like an immigrant, englishman amongst arabs and an arab amongst englishmen
Like I said they never gave me the culture
But they did give me Kubdad Haleb, Hakaka and Dolma
Ana isme Kareem,
Wa ohmre thalatha wa-'ishrun,
Umi min Baghdad, wa abuya min Dover,
And that's the combination that I carry on my shoulders
Still I rep, till my death, Till they kill and seal my flesh
From now all the way back to Gilgamesh
Such a villianized and criticized nation
You will always be the cradle of civilization
Close my eyes, I can still hear my ummi saying
Where is our freedom?
In my sleep, in my dreams Motherland I can still feel you calling me
In my sleep, in my dreams Motherland I can still feel you calling me
In my sleep, in my dreams Motherland I can still feel you calling me
I can still feel you calling me
I can still feel you calling me

"Skit 4" lyrics

Lowkey Lyrics

"Skit 4"

(feat. Ben Affleck)

[Ben Affleck:]
You know what's interesting about this whole idea of this, this, this intolerance and this hate, and this terrorism thing, I, I noticed from the debate the other, the other day from, it wasn't the debate actually
It was this conversation he had
It was this woman who said to McCain "Obama is an Arab" (right), and he said "No no no m'am he's not an Arab"
Oh I though this is wonderful he's repudiating this kind of intolerance and hatred
He said "No no he's not an Arab, he's a good man" (right) *[Laughter]*
(He said he's a decent citizen)
Hold on, what if I said to you, what if someone said "I heard he is a Jew" and I said ""No no he's not a Jew, he's alright" *[Laughter and Applause]*
"I hear the guy's a catholic", "Catholic? No, he's a, good decent guy" (right, yeah)
Arab and good person are not antithetical as to one another (right, that's that was) *[Applause]*
This idea of, this prejudice that we've allowed to fester in this campaign where this, we've allowed this idea where, denying the fact that Obama, who yet is not an Arab, nor is he a Muslim, we've allowed that denial to turn into the acceptance of both of those things as a legitimate slur, is really a problem, you know what I mean? (But the irony of John Mccain)
These are slurs, these are category human beings, they are not slurs of people *[Applause]*

"Blood, Sweat And Tears" lyrics

Lowkey Lyrics

"Blood, Sweat And Tears"

(feat. Klashnekoff)

[Verse 1: Klashnekoff]
As lightning strikes and thunder pounds,
Over the grey skies of East London town,
Prophecy K returns from the underground,
Signified by the peoples crying, trumpet sounds,
Yeah the system it tried to shut me down,
But I been on my ting before Onyx was flinging guns around,
Blood, sweat, and tears for years,
It feels like my careers been in the dumping ground,
Yeah this is how hunger sounds,

And I'm the hunter now, 'Lash the lion-heart,
A.k.a. the man behind the iron mask
For ten years straight I been raising the iron bar,
Tryna' breathe the life back into this dying art,
So why try and part, when you'll meet the same fate as that lion Scar,
This game's fake, full of two-faced, lie in grass
Who will sell their soul and ass just to climb the charts,
Yeah, but me I put in too much time in the graft,
Refining my craft for labels to sign me for a minor advance,
Picture K'lash miming on Trance,
Now picture Dr. Dre beats/'lash, rhyming with stars,
It's all fate and I got mine in my grasp,
Their all snakes, let them die in the past,
But who knows what the future holds,
These N.W.O. soldiers will probably shoot me cold,
All because the truth was told,
You should know I did it from the heart.

[Hook: x2]
I'm still here, pushing after several years,
I'm still here, standing strong, never in fear,

I'll be still here after the dust settles and clears,
I'll be still here after the blood, sweat and the tears,

[Verse 2: Lowkey]
I don't do this for the happy ravers, or the aggie haters, *[?]*
I do this for the warriors and the gladiators,
I do this for those whose lives you never cared about,
Can't pronounce their names, their origins, or their whereabouts,
Those brought up around tragedy and sadness,
Who adjusted and found normality in the madness,
Fight the power, till I'm out of breathe like Malcolm X,
You empower the powerful, I empower the powerless,
They'll play you on the radio if you rap about a Gucci belt,

But rap about the government, you might aswell shoot yourself,
Industry fairies, say I rap about conspiracy theories,
Just to hide the fact they lyrically fear me,
Got the eye of a tiger, the heart of a lion,
The mind of a lifer, my stance is defiant,
I rise like a phoenix immediate from the ashes,
My existence is inconvenient for the masses,
Though we are equal I despise an imitation,
I live for my people, and die for liberation,
I stand as a visionary; someone got plans of killing me,
To literally vanish me physically like Aborigines,
Hannibal with the mask, and an animal with the bars,
I'm grappling with my shackles; I channel it through my art,
Feel it in the ambience; Champion: Heavyweight
My life is nothing but my pride is something you could never take,
Think I'm illusive?, or think I'm a nuisance?
I swear these major labels must think that I'm stupid,
Keep your 360's your convincing these dudes with,
Like I'll give you the blueprint for pimping my music,..

I say that like K'Lash, he's another lion,
Every hardship from getting scarred to my brother dying,
Spit all of it with or without a big audience,
Through the Blood, Sweat & Tears I stand victorious!

[Hook: x2]
I'm still here, pushing after several years,
I'm still here, standing strong, never in fear,

I'll be still here after the dust settles and clears,
I'll be still here after the blood, sweat and the tears,

"Everything I Am" lyrics

Lowkey Lyrics

"Everything I Am"

[Hook:]
Everything I am, and everything I want to be
I put it in your hands, you could open up to me
Everything I am, and everything I want to be
I put it in your hands, you could open up to me
Oh don't we ever get beyond this wall

[Verse 1:]
I am no role model, I am not Mr. Perfect
Been bitten a couple of times and I did deserve it
Everyday livin' and learnin' through these written verses
My life is a sacrifice, I wonder is it worth it?
People can change, I'm living physical proof
I'm not important, or special or different from you
To other people, I may seem like a good adviser
But to myself I feel like a dirty womanizer
I am just a man, I will never be a celebrity
That is a mantra I will cling to the death of me
Don't wanna feed my kids the very treachery they fed to me
Preferably the aim is equality eventually
Don't relegate me below, or elevate me above to you
Needless to say, in either place I'm uncomfortable
I treat you as an equal, I'm simply a man
Your brother in humanity is everything that I am

[Hook:]
Everything I am, and everything I want to be
I put it in your hands, you could open up to me
Everything I am, and everything I want to be
I put it in your hands, you could open up to me
Oh don't we ever get beyond this wall

[Verse 2:]
Listen close to the words that were sang in the chorus
There's a big difference between fans and supporters
Never asked to be scrutinized or consumerized
Or treated differently to any other human life
Most don't, but some do and it saddens me
Force fed celebrity to subdue our humanity
See the false image depicted and think it's purity
When beneath that image they hold more insecurities
Than you do, but sometimes it's hard to tell who's who
There's more to life than Twitter followers and YouTube views
And if I came across like I was cocky I am sorry
You were born original so please don't die a copy
Don't relegate me below, or elevate me above to you
Needless to say, in either place I'm uncomfortable

I treat you as an equal, I'm simply a man
Your brother in humanity is everything that I am

[Hook:]
Everything I am, and everything I want to be
I put it in your hands, you could open up to me
Everything I am, and everything I want to be
I put it in your hands, you could open up to me
Oh don't we ever get beyond this wall

"Skit 5" lyrics

Lowkey Lyrics

"Skit 5"

(feat. Norman Finkelstein)

[Norman Finkelstein:]
Go Ahead

[Woman:]
Hi, um, during your speech, you made a lot of references to Jewish people as well as certain people in your audience, not Jewish people in general, but certain people, especially in your audience, to Nazi's
Now that is extremely offensive when certain people are German, and their also extremely offensive to people who've actually suffered under Nazi rule *[Crying]*

[Norman Finkelstein:]
I don't respect that anymore
I really don't
I don't like and I don't respect the crocodile tears to con, the crocodile tears *[Jeers and Applause]*
No, answer folks, erm allow me to finish, and allow me to, allow me to sir
Listen sir, allow me to, allow me to finish
Sir, sir
I don't like to play, I don't like to play before an audience, the holocaust card
But since now I feel I com, Now I feel compelled to. *[Shouting]*
My late father was in Auschwitz, my late mother, please shut up! *[Applause]*
My late father was in Auschwitz, my late mother was in Majdanek concentration camp. *[Shouting]*
Every single member of my family, on my father's side, on my father's side. *[Shouting]*
(The Jews cannot take odds against the Germans!)
My father was in Auschwitz concentration camp, my late mother was in Majdanek concentration camp
Every single member of my family on both sides was exterminated
Both of my parents were in the Warsaw Ghetto uprising
And it is precisely and exactly because of the lessons my parents taught ME and my two siblings, that I will not be silenced when Israel commits it's crimes against the Palestinians, and I consider nothing more despicable then to use their suffering and their martyrdom to try to justify the torture, the brutalization, the demolition of homes, that Israel daily commits against the Palestinians, so I refuse any longer to be intimidated or browbeaten by the tears
If you had any heart in you, you would be crying for the Palestinians, not for *[unaudible] [Applause]*

"Long Live Palestine" lyrics

Lowkey Lyrics

"Long Live Palestine"

This is for Palestine, Ramallah, West Bank, Gaza,
This is for the child that is searching for an answer,
I wish I could take your tears and replace them with laughter,
Long live Palestine, Long live Gaza!

While we listen to tunes, made by ignorant fools,
Israel blocked the UN from delivering food,
They'll bring in the troops and you won't even glimpse at the news,
They make money of the products that we are quick to consume,
It's not simply a question of differing views,
Forget emotions, this is fact, what I spit is the truth,
Makes no difference if you're a Christian or if you're a Jew,
They are just people living in different conditions to you,
They still die when you bomb their schools, mosques and hospitals,
It is not because of rockets, please god can you stop it all,
I'm not related to the strangers on the TV,
But I relate because those faces could have been me,
Words can never ever explain the raw tragedy,
It's not a war they're just murdering more rapidly,
We are automatically supporting pure savagery,
Imagine how you'd feel if it was your family,

This is for Palestine, Ramallah, West Bank, Gaza,
This is for the child that is searching for an answer,
I wish I could take your tears and replace them with laughter,
Long live Palestine, Long live Gaza,

Palestine remains in my heart forever,
We stand for peace, in times of war we shan't surrender,
Remember, it didn't start in that dark December,
Every coin is a bullet, if you're Mark's and Spencer,
And when your sipping Coca-Cola,
That's another pistol in the holster of a soulless soldier,
You say you know about the Zionist lobby,
But you put money in their pocket when you're buying their coffee,
Talking about revolution, sitting in Starbucks,
The fact is that's the type of thinking I can't trust,
Let alone even start to respect,
Before you talk learn the meaning of that scarf on your neck,
Forget Nestle,
Obama promised Israel 30 billion over the next decade,
They're trigger happy and they're crazy,
Think about that when you're putting Huggies nappies on your baby,

This is for Palestine, Ramallah, West Bank, Gaza,
This is for the child that is searching for an answer,
I wish I could take your tears and replace them with laughter,

Long live Palestine, Long live Gaza,

This is not just a war over stolen land,
Why do you think little boys are throwing stones at tanks?
We will never really know how many people are dead,
They drop bombs on little girls while they sleep in their beds,
Don't get offended by facts, just try and listen,
Nothing is more anti-Semitic than Zionism,
So please don't bring bad vibes when you speak to me,
I know there's plenty of Rabbi's that agree with me,
It's your choice what you do with this message,
Don't get it confused; I view this from a truly human perspective,
How many more resolutions have to be violated,
How many more children have to be annihilated
Israel is a terror state, there terrorists that terrorise,
I testify, my television televised them telling lies,
This is not a war, it is systematic genocide,
But whatever they try, Palestine will never die!

"We Will Rise" lyrics

Lowkey Lyrics

"We Will Rise"

[Verse 1:]
Is it just dream?, Am I a fool for trying?
I stand defiant but my enemy's the tallest giant,
Will visions be reality? they tell me never,
I wanna feel the unity that Malcolm felt in Mecca,
I wonder if it made sense in his last moments,
People don't value the soul cause they can't hold it,
Find something real beyond death and misery,
And understand the present in the context of history,
It's been established Sykes-Picot was a bitter marriage,
Since the day Thomas Edward Lawrence tricked the Arabs,
I never back stab my people like Abu Mazen,
I'll overthrow the monarchs like Abdul Karim Qassem,
This is a battle that many better men have died fighting,
But I hope to give an insight through my writing,
My pen fires at the men who defend liars,
I send fire till the end of your empire,

[Chorus: singer]
We will fight to live,
We will not give up,
We will not give in,
We will rise,

And through the blood and tears,
We will not give up,
We will not give in,
We will rise,

[Verse 2:]
Guess who's back, descendant of the occupied,
I represent the sentiments of many men you've colonized,
The President is eloquent but he's never been on my side,
Melanin's irrelevant cause everything was prophecised,
There was a time when they talked about the Arab Nation,
Broke our good leaders replaced them with a pack of masons,
Took your Keffiyeh and changed it to a fashion statement,
You sat with Satan, Camp David means assassination,
Peace in your imagination, that's not real,
I've been where Arafat got poisoned and Sadat got killed,
I'm not a martyr, just a man without a Masters or a master,
Trying to unite the people like Abdul Nasser,
This is a battle that many better men have died fighting,
But I hope to give an insight through my writing,
My pen fires at the men who defend liars,
I send fire till the end of your empire,

[Chorus: singer]
We will fight to live,
We will not give up,
We will not give in,
We will rise,

And through the blood and tears,
We will not give up,
We will not give in,
We will rise,

[Verse 3:]
If you're my brother, you're my brother but please be loyal,
Comrades for life till we're deep in soil,
They came to the middle east told us we need royals,
Just ask Mossadeq about BP Oil,
Look at history, the pecking order you will discover,
Nationalize your resources watch your children suffer,
Are you still my brother?
Even if BAE Systems gives us weapons to kill each other,
I strike back at the empire till it falls,
Most of us invest our money in building walls,
Mark the words of the lyricist that's written this,
Any money that I do make will build a bridge,
This is a battle that many better men have died fighting,
But I hope to give an insight through my writing,
My pen fires at the men who defend liars,
I send fire till the end of your empire,

[Chorus: singer]
We will fight to live,
We will not give up,
We will not give in,
We will rise,

And through the blood and tears,
We will not give up,
We will not give in,
We will rise.

"My Soul" lyrics

Lowkey Lyrics

"My Soul"

[Intro:]
No souls to sell here mate...
They say The fool thinks himself to be wise man, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.
I say that, to say this...

[Chorus:]
You might take my life,
But you can't take my soul!
You can't take my soul!

You might take my freedom,
But you can't take my soul!
You can't take my soul!

You might take my life,
But you can't take my soul!
You can't take my soul!

You might take my freedom,
But you can't take my soul!
You can't take my soul!

[Verse 1:]
They can't use my music to advertise for Coca Cola
They can't use my music to advertise for Motorola
They can't use my music to advertise for anything
The truth, I guess that's the reason the industry won't let me in
Refuse to be a product or brand, I'm human
Refuse to contribute to the gangster Illusion
Whether I'm number One, Number two, or Number Three
I'm unique and there will never be another me
And there will never be another you
Be proud of who you are, don't copy what the others do
They are not superior, you are not inferior
When we realize that is gonna be hysteria
Not commercial, always controversial what my pen has written
When they listen many have risen from the mental prison
That's why you don't see my face upon the television
But every time I try to sleep I hear the devil singing

[Chorus:]
You might take my life,
But you can't take my soul!
You can't take my soul!

You might take my freedom,
But you can't take my soul!

You can't take my soul!

You might take my life,
But you can't take my soul!
You can't take my soul!

You might take my freedom,
But you can't take my soul!
You can't take my soul!

[Verse 2:]
They can't use my music to advertise your watch or your car
Can't use it to advertise the drink you got at the bar
Can't use my music to advertise for anything
The truth, I guess that's the reason the industry won't let me in

My Integrity is the reason I'm thinking separately
Keep your three-sixty I can do this independently
It's likely I'm quite mad (why?)
Cause I say with ease slavery gave the streets Nikey's and I-pads
They don't like my rhymes, see my style is like a lecture
But I'd rather die, than smile with my oppressor
I'm an honourable student, with the facts and you're Ju-dish
Your not Hip Hop or Grime, your just McDonald's music

Not commercial, always controversial what my pen has written
When they listen many have risen from the mental prison
That's why you don't see my face upon the television
But every time I try to sleep I hear the devil singing

[Chorus: x2]
You might take my life,
But you can't take my soul!
You can't take my soul!

You might take my freedom,
But you can't take my soul!
You can't take my soul!

You might take my life,
But you can't take my soul!
You can't take my soul!

You might take my freedom,
But you can't take my soul!
You can't take my soul!

"Skit 6" lyrics

Lowkey Lyrics

"Skit 6"

I tried hard to be proud of my service, but all I could feel was shame.
Racism could no longer mask the reality of the occupation.
These were people, these were human beings.
I've since been plagued by guilt, any time I see an elderly man, like the one who couldn't walk, who we rolled onto a stretcher, and told the Iraqi police to take him away.
I feel guilt anytime I see a mother with her children, like the one who cried hysterically, and screamed that we're worse than Saddam, as we forced her from her home.
I feel guilt anytime I see a young girl, like the one I grabbed by the arm, and dragged into the street.
We were told we were fighting terrorists... the real terrorist was me, and the real terrorism was this occupation.
Racism within the military has long been an important tool to justify the destruction and occupation of another country, it has long been used to justify the killing, subjugation and torture of another people.
Racism is a vital weapon employed by this government; it is a more important weapon than a rifle, a tank, a bomber, or a battleship; it is more destructive than an artillery shell, or a bunker buster, or tomahawk missile.
While all those weapons are created and owned by this government, they are harmless without people willing to use them.
Those who send us to war, do not have to pull the trigger, or lob a mortar round; they do not have to fight the war, they merely have to sell the war.
They need a public who's willing to send their soldiers into harm's way.
They need soldiers who are willing to kill and be killed, without question...
They can spend millions on a single bomb, but that bomb only becomes a weapon, when the ranks of the military are willing to follow orders to use it.
They can send every last soldier anywhere on Earth, but there will only be a war, if soldiers are willing to fight.

"The Butterfly Effect" lyrics

Lowkey Lyrics

"The Butterfly Effect"

(feat. Adrian)

[Hook: Adrian]
If you could go back, what would you change
What would you do again ever would remain the same
What would you give, and what would you keep
What would you take, and what would you leave
[Repeat]

[Verse 1:]
I see an old lady holding the door
As I tumble out my wheel chair and roll to the floor
First thing in the morning in the grocery store
Not sure if this alcoholics body can hold me no more
I hustled up enough change for the whiskey in my hand
Tried to tell all the people but they didn't understand
Too many years spent sleeping in the gutters
On my hands and on my knees, eating from the rubbish
Roam the streets with very little keeping me sane
Too many twisted visions left engraved deep in my brain
Nightmares are right there and I don't think good thoughts
Happy memories became haze and days when I could walk
Make me hate those that have a life and could stand
Do you people know what I sacrificed for this land
My aching heart can't feel the bladed glass in my feet
Don't take a glance cause I'm just a face you pass in the street

[Hook: Adrian]
If you could go back, what would you change
What would you do again ever would remain the same
What would you give, and what would you keep
What would you take, and what would you leave
[Repeat]

[Verse 2:]
Evicted from my home couldn't scrape up the right rent
No heat in there all I had was the lights left
Spent months eating sleeping shitting in my mess
Thinking back to when my wife left, I was quite stressed
Guess all my addictions had got the best of me
Sometimes I wish to change my fate or was it destiny
Look up to the sky on rough nights wondering why
I saw our baby girl pass in front of my eyes
Before it the thought of it tortured me
Only lived six days was born with deformities
Still the birth really filled me with joy
Even though I kinda hoped it would still be a boy
I was dealing with demons I carried with me daily

Wanted to carry on my name when I had the little baby
Thinking in deep ways til my soul is torn
Of the bitter sweet day I came home from war

[Hook: Adrian]
If you could go back, what would you change
What would you do again ever would remain the same
What would you give, and what would you keep
What would you take, and what would you leave
[Repeat]

[Verse 3:]
I roll out the hospital on honorable discharge
I looked down saw my body with horrible big scars
Brave face but it was bad at night I would break down
I woke up and I was paralyzed from the waist down
Was in a coma for a few weeks before I closed my eyes
I was just another soldier with two feet
On all type of drugs that set me higher
Shot by my comrade official name friendly fire
Everyone was screaming but I only heard her
And everyone was crying but I only heard her
As I looked down to what I had done
I had a split second to contemplate what I had become
Like it or not trained to kill like it was a job
Wild or not she was just a child with a rock
Threat in my eye and the power in my left hand
I swear my finger slipped and then the trigger went bang...

"Obama Nation (Pt. 2)" lyrics

Lowkey Lyrics

"Obama Nation (Pt. 2)"

(feat. M-1 & Black the Ripper)

[Hook:]
I don't, I don't want no, Obama, Obama nation (abomination)
I'm not gonna, vote for your inauguration
Cause I don't need your, Obama, Obama nation (abomination)
I'm not gonna

[Sample: Lupe Fiasco]
Limbaugh is a racist, Glenn Beck is a racist
Gaza strip was getting bombed, Obama didn't say shit

[Verse 1: M-1]
After you divorce yourself from the right wing
Propaganda campaign, it's all simple and plain
America customed the game
Your president got an African name, now who you gone blame?
When they drop them bombs out of them planes
Using depleted uranium, babies looking like two headed aliens
Follow the money trail it leads to the criminal
Ain't nothing subliminal to it, that's how they do it
See they game they run, give a fuck if he's cunning
Articulate and handsome, Afghanistan held for ransom
By the hand of this black man, neo-colonial puppet
White power with a black face, he said fuck it I'll do it
A master of disguise, expert at telling lies
Then they gave him a Nobel Peace Price
Should of known he was trained in Chicago
Word to Chairmen Fred and Mark Clark
What they do in the dark will come out in the light
Like a wiki leaks site
So I guess Nkrumah was right, who's ready to fight?
Last stage of imperialism, I ain't kiddin
In the immortal words of Marvin Gaye 'This ain't living'

[Hook:]
Obama, Obama nation (abomination)
I'm not gonna, vote for your inauguration
Cause I don't need your, Obama, Obama nation (abomination)
I'm not gonna

[Lupe Fiasco:]
Limbaugh is a racist, Glenn Beck is a racist
Gaza strip was getting bombed, Obama didn't say shit

[Verse 2: Black The Ripper]
O.B.A.M.A
You ain't fooling everyone I see the games you play

You was V.I.P. at the B.I.C
And we know that's code name for C.I.A
The same way your cameras are watching us we're watching you
Think we're easy to control you ain't got a clue
Revolutions on the way, let's see what your gonna do
You gonna send the troops? You gonna drop the nukes?
See it's not where you're from it's where you're at
He's sitting in the White House so who cares if he's black
And why's there soldiers still out there in Iraq?
Natural resources ain't yours, it's theirs give it back!
You're just another puppet but I'm not surprised
Look at Colin Powell and Condoleezza Rice
They didn't change shit, house nigga's fresh off the slave ship
You'll all burn in hell even Michelle, Obama Nation

[Hook:]
I don't, I don't want no, Obama, Obama nation (abomination)
I'm not gonna, vote for your inauguration
Cause I don't need your, Obama, Obama nation (abomination)
I'm not gonna

[Lupe Fiasco:]
Limbaugh was a racist, Glenn Beck is a racist
Gaza strip was getting bombed, Obama didn't say shit

[Verse 3: Lowkey]
Was the bigger threat from Osama or from Obama?
Military bases from Chagos to Okinawa
I say things that other rappers won't say
Cause my mind never closed like Guantanamo Bay
Hope you didn't build a statue or tattoo your arm
Cause the drones are still flying over Pashtunistan
Did he defend the war? No! He extended more
He even had the time to attempt a coup in Ecuador
Morales and Chavez, the state's are on a hunt for ya
Military now stationed on bases in Columbia
Take a trip to the past and tell em I was right
Ask Ali Abunimah or Jeremiah Wright
Drones over Pakistan, Yemen and Libya
Is Obama the bomber getting ready for Syria?
First black president, the masses were hungry
But the same president just bombed an african country

[Hook:]
I don't, I don't want no, Obama, Obama nation (abomination)
I'm not gonna, vote for your inauguration
Cause I don't need your, Obama, Obama nation (abomination)
I'm not gonna

[Lupe Fiasco:]
Limbaugh was a racist, Glenn Beck is a racist
Gaza strip was getting bombed, Obama didn't say shit

"Dear England" lyrics

Lowkey Lyrics

"Dear England"

(feat. Mai Khalil)

[Chorus:]
Whoa, give me the words, give me the words
That tell me nothing
Dear England,
Whoa, give me the words, give me the words
That tell me nothing

[Verse 1:]
They say God save the queen,
Britannia rules the waves,
Britannia's in my genes
But Britannia called us slaves
Britannia made the borders
Cause Britannia's forces came
Britannia lit the match
But Britannia fears the flame
Where blood stains the pavement
Tears stain a cheek
And privilege is threatened, the fear reigns supreme
Where bankers are earning, from burning and looting
The nervous are shooting, search for solutions
I shed a tear for the father in Birmingham
Quick swerve of the car and it murdered them
In Tottenham the apartments were burning
And nobody came just arson is circling
All wanna be down
Till TV's get robbed like jewels on the queens crown
They say now no cause for a rebound
See now they call me a fool cause I speak out
People are humans but mind is animals
This violent tyrannical system is fallable
Hand in the loot by the minute you see 'em
But the biggest looters are the British museum
This happened here and you think it's a accident
Just relax as we slip into fascism
And the fear gets drilled into your hearts
But remember these children are all ours

[Chorus:]
Whoa, give me the words, give me the words
That tell me nothing
Dear England,
Whoa, give me the words, give me the words
That tell me nothing

[Verse 2:]

If a policeman can kill a black man where he found him
A soldier can kill an Afghan in the mountains
A petty thief can get ransacked from his housing
While the bankers are lounging
That's my surroundings
Took land, no one in your family has heard of
Before you sleep, whisper the mantra you learnt cause
Never will there be a day that cameras are turned off
Who runs this country, Cameron or Murdoch
Who's the government, a government that can't govern
Can't you figure it's ways bigger than Mark Duggan
Bigger than Smiley, bigger than Jean Charles
Hundreds are dead not one killer is on trial
Just a familiar sound of hysteria
Bombs over Libya but not this area
Downing Street I can find villains
Cut education, privatize prisons
Surprised by theft when it's organized,
But mass immorality is normalized
Assumptions surrounding the looting of London
But this is a system consumed by consumption
Yea it happened here and you think it's a accident
Just relax as we slip into fascism
And the fear gets drilled into your hearts
But remember these children are all ours

[Chorus: x2]
Whoa, give me the words, give me the words
That tell me nothing
Dear England,
Whoa, give me the words, give me the words
That tell me nothing

"Haunted" lyrics

Lowkey Lyrics

"Haunted"

(feat. Mai Khalil)

[Chorus: Mai Khalil]
I can feel you here, watchin' me
Whispers that I hear are haunting me
I can feel you here, watchin' me
Whispers that I hear are haunting me
Feel it in the air

[Verse 1:]
My brother died when I was 18
Now I'm 24 and I keep having the same dream
My days seem to past fast, but now I hate sleep
So when they say stay free I really know what they mean
Just remember I was destined to fail
At every level they tell you the rebels will never prevail
Heaven or hell, whatever the weather, you never can tell
You know you've lost a loved one when you remember their smell
I was born to fight oppression, but I'm traumatized and stressin'
With this borderline depression I swear I'm haunted by your presence
You get all of my confessions, pray the lord provides his blessing
And I soar as high as heaven but it's sort of like I'm guessing
Cause I'm older than you were when you died, I'm nervous inside
In the afterlife, are you the age you were when you died?
It's puzzling me, that would be something to see
Face-to-face with an older brother that's younger than me
I'm still haunted...

[Chorus: Mai Khalil]
I can feel you here, watchin' me
Whispers that I hear are haunting me
I can feel you here, watchin' me
Whispers that I hear are haunting me
Feel it in the air

[Verse 2:]
When I was 18 my older brother killed himself
Now I'm 24 and I'm sittin' in this flipping cell
No comment why they raid my home, I'm waitin' to be given bail
Wish me well, don't know where I'm headed, I hope it isn't jail
It's a strange feelin' when your face is on the news
And they try to twist your lyrics, claim it's hatred for the Jews
Everybody's waitin' to assume, debatin' all your views
When they would do the same if they were in your shoes
It's like barristers, court cases, solicitors and law suits
Prayin' for my freedom while I'm sittin' in the court room
I am just a simple man spittin' these ideas
But the CPS fantasize about givin' me 5 years

Til the day they release my spirit and it's peaceful
Digest the words in every lyric that I leave you
A true leader knows, it's the citizens that leads you
When I go, just know, that I did it for the people

[Chorus: Mai Khalil]
I can feel you here, watchin' me
Whispers that I hear are haunting me
I can feel you here, watchin' me
Whispers that I hear are haunting me
Feel it in the air
[Repeat]

[Outro:]
What's the meaning of it all?

"Terrorist? (Pt. 2)" lyrics

Lowkey Lyrics

"Terrorist? (Pt. 2)"

(feat. Crazy Haze & Mai Khalil)

[Chorus: Mai Khalil]
They calling me a terrorist, we know who the terror is
Tell them that I'm not (guilty)
They calling me a terrorist, it is time to settle this
Tell them that I'm not (guilty)
I'm all about love and peace, why you wanna trouble me?
Tell them that I'm not (guilty)
My intentions are clear to see

[Verse 1: Crazy Haze]
First of all, allow my client Kareem Dennis
Simplify his messages and dissect the evidence
That placed him on the terror list, spread the lies of television
My client is standing accused of encouraging terrorism
He's promoting peace, far from violent encouragement
I believe it's unjust that this court has summoned him
How can one man rapping, lead to terrorist actions?
This misunderstanding merits a retraction
Accused of calling for attacks on military facilities
You can't equate violence with criticism politically
Where's the freedom of speech?
He's just another young musician who is seeking a dream
My client is accused of inciting racial tension
He's half-Arab, half-English, did I fail to mention?
The media rendered his reputation ruined
Think about how many youngsters he has influenced
To quit a life of crime and do the opposite
Most of the man's tracks are completely devoid of politics
The evidence is unseen, the verdict is a done deed
How can you compare a song to invading a country?
My client isn't hungry for the blood of the people
Since when has making a rap song ever been illegal
Or murderous? The only thing that drives this person is love
I rest my case to the jury and the merciful judge

[Chorus: Mai Khalil]
They calling me a terrorist, we know who the terror is
Tell them that I'm not (guilty)
They calling me a terrorist, it is time to settle this
Tell them that I'm not (guilty)
I'm all about love and peace, why you wanna trouble me?
Tell them that I'm not (guilty)
My intentions are clear to see

[Verse 2: Crazy Haze & Lowkey]
Sir, can you confirm you're the artist that's known as Lowkey?

I can
Are you aware the state has been building this case since 03?
I am
You claim that you're all about love and you promote peace
I'm here to prove that your hot speeches lead to cold deeds
Your lyrics are a virus infecting all the youths
You say whatever it takes to get a mention on the news
You're an insult to the people and offend the soldiers too
Objection, your Honour
Objection overruled
Do you denounce the monarchy and hope for a republic?
Monarchy is inequality, systemic injustice
While you strangle Afghanistan and tangle with Taliban
Our taxes have to pay for David Cameron's cameraman
How can you compare spreading anarchy to spreading democracy?
Like you compare resistance to extension of colonies
Did you really refer to the U.S. as an abomination?
No, I posed a question in reference to its domination
I scrutinise governments, you scrutinise songs
Did you compare predator drones to suicide bombs?
Yes and I question where such brutalised youth would rise from
It's true, I choose to right wrongs but you can write wrongs
But what if your questions equate to the spreading of hate?
Is it true you labeled Israel a terrorist state?
Yes, cause it's based on the threat to erase an indigenous population you could never replace

[Chorus: Mai Khalil]
They calling me a terrorist, we know who the terror is
Tell them that I'm not (guilty)
They calling me a terrorist, it is time to settle this
Tell them that I'm not (guilty)
I'm all about love and peace, why you wanna trouble me?
Tell them that I'm not (guilty)
My intentions are clear to see

[Verse 3: Lowkey]
Please allow me to state the most relevant of facts
I'm charged with section 1 of 06's Terrorism Act
It is alleged the music I'm publishing for exhibition
All amounts to the encouragement of terrorism
My face was placed up on the news as a wanted person
Cause it caused controversy when they saw my songs emerging
If I was commercial would I have to ride all these hurdles?
Raided my home, take my phone, put some spies in my circle?
Not on it, no comment, I will never change my position
Not in jail, but they gave me these stale bail conditions
And this is the part where the plot just gets sinister
They banned from the City of London and Westminster
I do this for the rebels that do this without the medals
For Smiley Culture, Jody McIntyre and Alfie Meadows
Before you throw it at me, have a look at your backwards book
Definition of terrorism, Columbus and Captain Cook
I can't lie, it's getting deep, our lives are very cheap

And one person dies in police custody every week
They're editing my tracks cause I'm telling them the facts
You're more likely to die like that than from a terrorist attack
When you try to fight a war, they will say you defy the law
Can't quiet me, this is R.I.P. for Brian Haw
We know the truth, no matter what you tell 'em on the television
IMF, World Bank, economic terrorism
I refuse to produce chart nonsense
Not a servant to the Zionist lobby like Mark Thompson
The BBC want me making music to impress crooks
Or doing shows on military bases like Tim Westwood
Murdoch might have the news, but me, I have the tunes
Your cameras move onto celebrities to distract the youth
Remember this fact is true
When you point your finger at me there is three fingers pointing back at you

"Million Man March" lyrics

Lowkey Lyrics

"Million Man March"

(feat. Mai Khalil)

[Intro:]
You might take my life
But you can't take my soul
You can't take my soul
You might take my freedom
But you can't take my soul
You can't take my soul

[Verse 1:]
Whether it's a cancer patient or assassination
Or I fought for emancipation
My intentions were pure, you can debate 'em
But no, never ever shook hands with Satan
My fans are amazing, I thank and praise 'em
When I die, don't cry, just congratulations
A million more feet will stamp the pavement
With plans of changes, no exaggeration
We will not be ignored
You'll be rocked with the force of the bombs that you dropped in these wars
I will not be bought
And I consciously thought it was wrong, so I constantly fought
Peace is something I would really adore
But we are at war so give me a sword
I'm merely a corpse, but still be assured
When you kill me there will be a million more

[Pre-Hook:]
Born alone and die alone
Those words ringin' inside my dome
Best friends are the pen and the microphone
Roamin' until I find my way home
Turn my body cold but my soul is mine
Take a deep breath and I close my eyes
I will go when I'm supposed to die
But in death I will multiply

[Hook:]
My back's against the wall
But you can't kill us all
Even if you take my life
Still we will survive
We shall overcome
And the tables will turn
Today I die as one, but as millions I'll return
But as millions I'll return
But as millions I'll return

[Verse 2:]
In these critical times don't be really surprised
If I get victimized by Gideon's spies
I sympathize with that Brazilian guy
On the tube, but we're used to the hideous lie
Your civilians die - millions cry
Our civilians die - they're militants, right?
How silly am I to be figuring why
The injustice is clear, and I feel it inside
Hear me in Gaza, here me in Glasgow
Hear me in Baghdad, hear me in Plaistow
Clearly they hear me from here to Chicago
Think things are all good but they aren't though
Peace is something I would really adore
But we are at war so give me a sword
I'm merely a corpse, but still be assured
When you kill me there will be a million more

[Pre-Hook:]
Born alone and die alone
Those words ringin' inside my dome
Best friends are the pen and the microphone
Roamin' until I find my way home
Turn my body cold but my soul is mine
Take a deep breath and I close my eyes
I will go when I'm supposed to die
But in death I will multiply

[Hook:]
My back's against the wall
But you can't kill us all
Even if you take my life
Still we will survive
We shall overcome
And the tables will turn
Today I die as one, but as millions I'll return
But as millions I'll return
But as millions I'll return

[Verse 3:]
My people are bleedin'
So I'm readin' and seekin' the deepest of meanin's
My demons are breedin'
In my sleep I can feel it, I need to defeat 'em
My temperature's risin'
If tempted I'll rise with the temper of Tyson
Resent all the violence
Cause of people with tension
It tends to divide them
The pen that I write with
Is better than a sword when I strike with the strength of a Titan
My friends are still fighting against all the tyrants

So then why would it end when I die then?
Peace is something I would really adore
But we are at war my pen's killing your sword
I'm merely a corpse, but still be assured
When you kill me there will be a million more

[Pre-Hook:]
Born alone and die alone
Those words ringin' inside my dome
Best friends are the pen and the microphone
Roamin' until I find my way home
Turn my body cold but my soul is mine
Take a deep breath and I close my eyes
I will go when I'm supposed to die
But in death I will multiply

[Hook:]
My back's against the wall
But you can't kill us all
Even if you take my life
Still we will survive
We shall overcome
And the tables will turn
Today I die as one, but as millions I'll return
But as millions I'll return
But as millions I'll return

[Outro:]
You might take my life
But you can't take my soul
You can't take my soul
You might take my freedom
But you can't take my soul
You can't take my soul

You might take my life
But you can't take my soul
You can't take my soul
You might take my freedom
But you can't take my soul
You can't take my soul

"Soundtrack To The Struggle 2" lyrics

Lowkey Lyrics

"Soundtrack To The Struggle 2"

(feat. Noam Chomsky)

[Noam Chomsky:]
You're listening to Soundtrack to the Struggle 2 by Lowkey

[Lowkey:]
Thank you for joining us, Noam. In Optimism Over Despair, you say, "It seems to me unlikely that civilisation can survive really existing capitalism". Would you be able to explain that statement for us?

[Noam Chomsky:]
Really existing capitalism is what we can see described in the press day after day
We read that the major banks like, JPMorgan Chase, are increasing their investment in fossil fuels - including the most dangerous, like Canadian tar sands
And all of this is quite understandable on the assumption that the structure of our institutions is geared to maximising short-term profit and power, without regard to what might happen to the world in under *[?]* twenty or thirty years
But that's spoke capitally, well we can't survive that...

[Lowkey:]
Is it the economic system vs the ecosystem?
How are we gonna define deep when the seas have risen?
How can we define 'woke' when our sleep's commissioned?
Drowned out by Koch brothers bots, how can the people listen?
Can't detoxify as we watch the sky fade to grey
The source devoured corporate power killed the nation's state
Sophisticated murder defined as innovation
Corporations wine and dine just to mine the information
Eight men versus humanity, terrorists who
Your search engine knows your thought pattern better than you
In an environment resentful uprising is essential
The horizon is torrential, thinking silence will protect you
Subject to propaganda that terrifies the slumbered
We can jeopardise their cover if we energise the numbers
Collectivise or die, protect your mind or suffer
Life is paradise to some and a pair of dice to others

I saw horror in the eyes of a tired retired fireman
Knowing he couldn't help a child survive the frying pan
When we riot we disquiet the leviathan
Forget Iron Man I've got a iron lion's diaphragm
My salutations to those with imagination
Doom anticipated and that's no exaggeration
Your flag doesn't exist let me back up that statement
What happens to the nation if the Queen has a tax haven?
Pushing these buttons you don't need a brave heart
Frontex turned the Mediterranean to a graveyard
[?] will drive you crazy if you let it
Had a mother burying her newborn baby in the desert

What's commonsensical is sensible to question
What seems to be a lesson is intellectual repression
Rebel against the system that deprived you of a voice
Rebel against this hell while our survival's still a choice

The state committed suicide cannibalised itself
While the banks treat infictitious capitol like it's wealth
Your lurid lobby system means corruption is legalised
Privatised healthcare, elsewhere people die
Rebellion lives in all those that dream of a better way
Refused to be brainwashed with false visions of yesterday
Choose to afflict the comfortable and comfort the afflicted
So many choose the opposite, their spirit contradicted
Bring a child to the world where the future seems impossible
Five trillion dollars a year subsidising fossil fuels
The truth was in their eyes but you shrugged and just turned your back
I watched a family beg for help while their flat turned to ash
Apocalypse now, we saw our future in that damn building
CEOs loving profit more than they love their grandchildren
We saw our future in that damn building
CEOs loving profit more than they love their grandchildren

[Noam Chomsky:]
Not to be concerned about the future, preferentially, you have to put yourself in the position of, say, Jamie Dimon - the CEO of the biggest bank, JPMorgan Chase. As CEO he has, essentially, two choices. One choice is to do exactly what he's doing - invest direct investments into the most profitable outcome, which happens to to be the most dangerous fossil fuels. You can do that but the other alternative he has is to resign and be replaced by somebody else who'll do the same thing. But this is an institutional problem; not an individual one

"Ahmed" lyrics

Lowkey Lyrics

"Ahmed"

(feat. Mai Khalil)

[Lowkey:]
His young life was as delicate as the wing of a butterfly
And as fragile as a spider's web
For him we cry because when he dies we all do

Did Ahmed not deserve a life? Ahmed never hurt a fly
Ahmed never knew the politicians he was murdered by
Certain times Ahmed wished that he could be a bird and fly
Beyond the sky, escape the curse of birth that he was burdened by
Ahmed never grew to let your racism internalise
Water poured from every pore in his corpse while the nurses cried
Ahmed was a beautiful person like you or I
But are we?...
Ahmed could have been a doctor, lawyer or an engineer
Could have been a superstar but his life ended here
Guess he was a shooting star, burn bright and disappear
To some he seems to represent a menace in this hemisphere
Let me here make the very essence of this message clear
He was precious, many die like him every year
Ahmed was a victim of resentment and relentless fear
Now his soul surfs the waves, I wish we could have kept him here

[Lowkey & Mai Khalil:]
The sea, the sea, the sea, it holds our secrets (holds our secrets)
The sea, the sea, the sea, it holds his soul (holds his soul)
They call him Ahmed
The sea, the sea, the sea, it holds our secrets (holds our secrets)
The sea, the sea, the sea, it holds his soul (holds his soul)
They call him Ahmed

[Lowkey:]
Ahmed's ancestors introduced to Europe Greek philosophy
Brought with them irrigation, mathematics and astronomy
Symbolically, irony of this horror isn't lost on me
Trying to get to Europe via Greece is where he's lost at sea
Ahmed not Achmed, it's Ahmed, he's that dead
Toddler lying lifeless on the beach with his back bent
Arms spread, reaching the direction that his dad went
If he made it here, would have been bullied for his accent
He was captured by the ocean, paralysed and frozen
While these parasites sat and typed, analysing clothing
Now for resources we all compete beyond the talk of war and peace
And talk of porous border there is corpses on the shore of Greece
They found a teddy next to where his body was found
The sea swallowed him, politics has swallowed him now
And those responsible, Ahmed's ghost will follow them now

To the family all we can say is we are sorry he drowned
Because...

[Lowkey & Mai Khalil:]
The sea, the sea, the sea, it holds our secrets (holds our secrets)
The sea, the sea, the sea, it holds his soul (holds his soul)
They call him Ahmed
The sea, the sea, the sea, it holds our secrets (holds our secrets)
The sea, the sea, the sea, it holds his soul (holds his soul)
They call him Ahmed

[Lowkey:]
They say let him drown, let him drown, let him drown, What have you done, don't let him drown, don't let him drown
No what have we become, don't let him drown
No, don't let him drown
And they say
Let him drown, let him drown, let him drown
What have we done, don't let him drown, don't let him drown
No, what have we become, don't let him drown
Please, don't let him drown

Ahmed could've been you, and Ahmed could've been me
We need to understand the policies that put him in the sea
We need to understand why it is the beach is full of dying kids
A colonial Metropole people want to reside in
If he did would he make it or fall to something that's deeper
End up like like Jimmy Mubenga or Khaled Abu Zarifa
A picture by Javier Bauluz on the beaches of Tarifa
Made me see, some would grieve more if Ahmed was a creature
With four legs, then they would consider him legitimate
Those like him braving barbed wire burning off their finger tips
Balfours alien act, that mentality still exists
Is privilege the difference between an ex-pat and an immigrant?
For Ama Sumani and Osman Rasul Mohamed, when you take others humanity, it's only yours that's stunted, not a swarm
They're our sisters and brothers, that's the sum of it
The cockroaches here are in the media and the government
Not the sea

[Lowkey & Mai Khalil:]
The sea, the sea, it holds our secrets (holds our secrets)
The sea, the sea, the sea, it holds his soul (holds his soul)
They call him Ahmed
The sea, the sea, the sea, it holds our secrets (holds our secrets)
The sea, the sea, the sea, it holds his soul (holds his soul)
They call him Ahmed

[Lowkey:]
Ahmed never knew the politicians he was murdered by
Ahmed never knew the politicians he was murdered by
Ahmed never knew the politicians he was murdered by
And they all laugh at him...

"The Return Of Lowkey" lyrics

Lowkey Lyrics

"The Return Of Lowkey"

You could never top my fire in the booth
I don't need a label I'm signed to the truth
If you're a lion heart with the mind of a moose
Your circle can hurt you as tight as a noose

Bars artillery, harsher than killer bees
I'm a marksmen with beats, carving them into meat
I par mini mes laugh at them in the street
Wanna spar elite hard for you to compete
Not marketing dream, hearts in the middle east
Starving to eat, marger beyond belief
Where they martyr the meek, marching them into meet
With the arms of the beast where harvest them with the teeth
If you're unhappy when you come at me never miss
Make you run scatty, dumb scallywags are getting dissed
At trump rally with a gun carried in your fist
That's a punk patty and a chump chatty terrorist

The intellect
Still the sickeat on the internet
Didn't know will kill you slow like a cigarette
Out lying you outlined like a silhouette
Been a vet, that didn't pet, the illest and I'm still a threat

Personified, verse at a time, merk em
I heard all ya rhymes, I'm certain that I burn em
Emerged in my prime first to define to curtains
What's it german your ride hurting jurgen
Murder the mic klinsmann when I'm turning
Merciless fight klansmann when I'm verbing
Words that I write sting them when I'm bursting
Worst of my type champion night nurse em

016 did a sold out tour
Think you know my life I don't know about yours
I was blackballed then cause I spoke bout war,
They want me closed down but I spoke out more
Now the silence is broken the virus is frozen
Come to wash it away like the tide of the ocean
My pride is evolving size of a trojan horse on course to divide your emotion

Go rounds with the pen, the sound of a vet
They rouse me I kill them again ga-gagengen
The album is next, its foul that you slept
But my mouth is weapon now again gagagengen
Dunno how they forget, these cowards are vexed
Pound the alphabet again ga ga gengen

You're out of your depth, bow the best
Put the crown on my head again ga-gengen

We want Lowkey
We want Lowkey
We want Lowkey
We want Lowkey
We want Lowkey
We want Lowkey
We want Lowkey
We want Lowkey

Say your sick I'm prophylactic
Say your old school I'm so jurassic
Flow glactic, gymnastic could hold a backflip
Keep you grounded like drones at gatwick
Behold a classic, your poker tactics
Are souless and hopeless, you nosey actors
My mode of practise is molten acid
Flows roams the globe control its axis

No foes in my lane, most of them are deranged
How you cope with pain, coke in up ya vein
They moulded your brain, culture killing the fame
They known of my name, spose it was gonna fade

Get the concept, a monster that's lost like lochness
Silly flows all my videos are a boxset
Obsessed with the nonsense tell me what's next
Another day I could run on stage like offset

From oxford to bangkok the jam pops off
Even amsterdam flow can pop clogs
Stand on hot rocks still mans not hot
Got genius bars like a laptop shop

I look into the eyes of my son
I see the moon shine and the rise of the sun
I showed you my thumb that's the size of your lung
I love you and everything you'll strive to become

Like godzilla
Kids think there sick but their not iller
Hop in the moshpit I'm toxic plot thickens
Hot spitter could'ntgive a toss if your watch ticking
Top of the roster eat monsters for hot dinner

Its the glitch in the matrix
Spit with the greatness
Flipping the script my existence is dangerous
I'm convincing the jaded
No stint with the majors
My fiscal still sick with no hits on the playlist

Miserable haters
Are thinking ages
Howto incriminate or intimidate him
But the ink in my name is
Sinked in the pages
Pimps of the game want my fingerprints faded

Its like tell me where the lyricisms gone?
Ridiculous how these kids are getting on
I don't even listen to their lyrics when its on
Delete the whole app in the middle in the song

Go rounds with the pen, the sound of a vet
They rouse me I kill them again ga-gagengen
The album is next, its foul that you slept
But my mouth is weapon now again gagagengen
Dunno how they forget, these cowards are vexed
Pound the alphabet again ga ga gengen
You're out of your depth, bow the best
Put the crown on my head again ga-gaengen

If only everyland was wherever we stand,
And we never see the disehevelled rebels heads in the sand,
Devils with terrible plans metal that they clench in their hands
Ready to embelleze the Cheddar and cement of your fam
Settle the land, weapons and gangs intentionally scam to sever your every memory man
Its deadly and sad, they said to me let it be together we stand,
Defending these energies of heavenly lands

Guess who's back from the dead
Time to scramble your head with a random event
Like tupac turned up to your nans on a ped
Wearing vans with a bandana wrapped to his head
You might bang on the net but you ran from my pen
You grand stand I'm van dam I mangle these men
Jackie chan with the damn hands a phantom for them
Damp breddas with antennas get strangled again
Vanilla ice from the top floor dangling them
Or take it old school bring a sandal for them
And if you heard my bars though that was a send?
Then you better bring backwards my friend
I'm a vandal man handle your ankle and bend
Will you stand and defend or just scram for the fence
When the massacre ends I'll be back in the trench
Better practise your reps cause your knackered and stressed
Think your hot though, with your botched flow but your not bro
God knows you cannot blow cause you flop shows
Cockroach with a snot nose and a lost soul
A dead sound it could get found in the cotswold

Mic batterer, spine shatterer, rhyme patterner,
Define badder and might splatter a hype challenger
Malaga to Canada panic a sly manager

Rhyme slazenger like daggers slice amatuers
My status is titanic quite hazardous
High cameras try tracking us, lifes labyrinth
Rhymes raps to us like maths to pythagorus
My staminas high calibre, try catching up
I climb ladders to drop knowledge on top scholar
I'm not modest top dollars could'ntknock a rock solid
Gods honest truth in the booth I could stop sonic
Lockstock and two smoking barrrels in the box office
Rhymer and a ripper like kaiza with a clipper
Like tyson when he bit him been a pyscho since a nipper
Contemplating life like micheal in the mirror
3, 2, 1 the word cypher came from sifer

Go rounds with the pen, the sound of a vet
They rouse me I kill them again ga-gagengen
The album is next, its foul that you slept
But my mouth is weapon now again gagagengen
Dunno how they forget, these cowards are vexed
Pound the alphabet again ga ga gengen
You're out of your depth, bow the best
Put the crown on my head again ga-gaengen

"Sunday Morning" lyrics

Lowkey Lyrics

"Sunday Morning"

(feat. Mai Khalil)

When the children see them, they point and laugh
When the children see them, they point and laugh
When the children see them, they point and laugh
But they don't know
When the children see them, they point and laugh
When the children see them, they point and laugh
When the children see them, they point and laugh
But they don't know
They don't know

She lost her son on a Sunday
Her memory's a bloodstain
The paper showed his young face
Who remembered his mum's name?
She sleeps with the blanket he was wrapped in as a child
He's not dead he's just napping for a while
She thinks backwards with a smile
On a clock, the hands stop
Can't accept all the plans
Lost sunny Sundays
Dancing to Vandross like:
I used to be such a bad bad boy
But I gave it up
When I fell in love (ooh)

Hold him close breathe the smell of his skin
Preserving every little thing
How can she ever begin
To move on?
Sunday mornings getting the groove on
His little hands wave, they *[?]*
She thinks he's coming in from school
Made his favourite dinner too
Sitting talking to an empty chair in the living room
Roams the street calling out things that no one listens to
Tried to treat her but
They thought solution was medicinal
No
And I don't think they'll ever comprehend it
Schizophrenic or a broken heart that can't be mended
Now she's sitting talking to herself
Where the bench is
Relatives wonder when she's coming to her senses

In her mind, he grew
Walked the passage to a man

They branded it as madness
Never planned to understand
She can't quite touch him
She imagines that she can
Holding the fabric to her face
Squeezing the blanket in her hand
Saying

Every Sunday morning, na ya ya
Every Sunday morning, na ya ya
Every Sunday morning, na ya ya
I dance with you
I dance with you

The day they came and took away his son was a Sunday
But he only woke up to the news on the Monday
More times he knows the situation ends one way
But he looks up searching for some hope in the sunrays
A year passed, two years passed, three years passed
Finds it hard to get over the shadow that the fear casts
Four years passed, five years passed, six, seven, eight passed
Still lays a hand for him when they play cards
His bedroom as it was, doesn't dare to touch a thing
Hums himself to sleep with the songs his son would sing, like:
Ain't no sunshine when she's gone
Only darkness every day
Ain't no sunshine now he's gone
Only darkness every day

You might see him by the betting shop
Asking for a spare pound
His shoes are getting tattered
And he's losing all his hair now
Sees him in his dreams but
He doesn't know his whereabouts
Sees him in the mirror
'Cause there's nothing else he cares 'bout
Sees him in the crowd but
The truth is, he isn't there
Goes after him and chases but
Every time, he disappears
Cars pass him by
And passengers just sit and stare
Talking to himself in a cruel world that didn't care

Every Sunday morning, na ya ya (ah ya ya)
Every Sunday morning, na ya ya
Every Sunday morning, na ya ya (hey)
I dance with you (oh)
I dance with you (ah)
Every Sunday morning, na ya ya (every Sunday morning, yeah)
Every Sunday morning, na ya ya (ah oh)
Every Sunday morning, na ya ya

I dance with you (oh)
I dance with you (ah)

I don't think I can do this on my own (no no no)
I don't think I can do this on my own (oh)
I don't think I can do this on my own
'Cause I need you
I need you
I don't think I can do this on my own
I don't think I can do this on my own
I don't think I can do this on my own
'Cause I need you (I need you)
I need you

"Skit 1" lyrics

Lowkey Lyrics

"Skit 1"

(Soundtrack To The Struggle 2)

So Karl Polanyi, who you quote in the book, writes, "There are two kinds of freedom: one good and the other bad." Among the latter, he listed, "The freedom to exploit one's fellows, the freedom to make inordinate gains without commensurable service to the community. The freedom to keep technological innovations from being used for public benefit. Or the freedom to profit from public calamities secretly engineered for private advantage. But," Polanyi continued, "the market economy under which these freedoms throes *[?]*, also produce freedoms we prize highly: freedoms of conscience; freedom of speech; freedom of meaning; freedom of association; freedom to choose one's own job. While we might cherish these freedoms for their own sake, and I'm sure many of us still do, they were, to a large extent, by-products of the same economy that was responsible for the evil freedoms. And yet, it seems, in this late stage of capitalism, that those evil freedoms have vanquished the other freedoms."

"The Death Of Neoliberalism" lyrics

Lowkey Lyrics

"The Death Of Neoliberalism"

(feat. Greg Blackman)

Freedom!
Your public service died, death to World Bank and IMF; is it
Freedom?
The kleptocracy orchestrated, subjugate the corporate state that isn't
Freedom!
Theresa's a terrorist, we could be standing at the precipice of
Freedom!

Pontificate, Philosophise
Cross the T's, dot the I's
I heard em' say the revolution won't be monetized
But it could be wrapped up, packaged and comodified
In this poisonous equation, I wonder what am I?
Tax dodging tabloids, profit from these horrid lies
Peddle patriotism but economically colonise
Sycophants, grippin' flags, tell you that they're on your side
Sell off your services abroad, who do they prioritise?
Robin Hood in reverse, these robberies aren't secrets
Bonuses for bankers and backhanders for arms dealers
Can't cage the alternative that now exists
With the skill of an alchemist, turn pain into empowerment
Inspired to be alive, in this powerful moment
No more will these cowards sell us out to their donors
We rose, like a giant awoken out of this coma
Confront the culture of power with the power of culture!
We sing!

Freedom!
Your public service died, death to World Bank and IMF; is it
Freedom?
The kleptocracy orchestrated, subjugate the corporate state that isn't
Freedom!
Theresa's a terrorist, we could be standing at the precipice of
Freedom!

History favours the trail blazers
The taste for change is contagious
It's not strange these faceless takers are afraid of raising wages
When the same major papers say that we should hate our neighbours
Then when the rage cascades
These sadists claim that their blameless
What is clear, some don't even pay taxes on their profits here
Wrote against the interests of Murdoch and Rothermere
Not conspiracy theory, conspiracy actuality
Until now politics, merely a practicality
They deify celebrity

What happens when no celebrities turn and you say it *[?]* no necessity
I don't condemn the deified but mourn those whose brilliant as them who died
Potential unrealised
Atomisation had us
Distant and deafened
Now we're interconnected, independent but interdependant
We rose, like a giant awoken out of a coma
Confront the culture of power with the power of culture!
We sing!

Freedom!
Your public service died, death to World Bank and IMF; is it
Freedom?
The kleptocracy orchestrated, subjugate the corporate state that isn't
Freedom!
Theresa's a terrorist, we could be standing at the precipice of
Freedom!

We sing:
Freedom!
Your public service died, death to World Bank and IMF; is it
Freedom?
The kleptocracy orchestrated, subjugate the corporate state that isn't
Freedom!
Theresa's a terrorist, we could be standing at the precipice of
Freedom!

"Skit 2" lyrics

Lowkey Lyrics

"Skit 2"

(feat. Karim Mussilhy)

(Soundtrack To The Struggle 2)

[Excerpt from Grenfell Tower Inquiry]

[Karim Mussilhy:] Right now, right this second, this is how our families are being remembered. They're being remembered by a culture of neglect. Institutional inertia hiding behind a system that has failed
We want the truth, not bureaucracy. We want light to be shone on what went wrong and who is responsible
We do not want excuses, buck-passing, fancy technical arguments or any legal grey areas; we want an inquiry into the truth, the truth that people died because those in authority convinced themselves that they had done enough

[Mr. Richmond:] Karim, can I just - I have to be very careful here, and I don't mean to interrupt you, but some of what you're about to say is for the evidential hearings
I'm not going to stop you, I'm not going to stop you

[Mussilhy:] Sure, sure

[Mr. Richmond:] All right?

[Mussilhy:] I think, with all due respect, we've been censored enough. It's our time. Whether you like it or not, you will have to listen

[Someone in the audience:] Speak, brother!

"Ghosts Of Grenfell" lyrics

Lowkey Lyrics

"Ghosts Of Grenfell"

(feat. Mai Khalil)

[Lowkey:]
The night our eyes changed
Rooms where, love was made and un-made in a flash of the night
Rooms where, memories drowned in fumes of poison
Rooms where, futures were planned and the imagination of children built castles in the sky
Rooms where, both the extraordinary and the mundane were lived
Become forever tortured graves of ash
Oh you political class, so serve out to corporate power

[Mai Khalil:]
Did they die, or us?
Did they die, or us?
Did they die, for us?
[Lowkey:]
Ghosts of Grenfell still calling for justice
Now hear 'em, now hear 'em scream
[Mai Khalil:]
Did they die, or us?
Did they die, or us?
Did they die, for us?
[Lowkey:]
This corporate manslaughter will haunt you
Now hear 'em scream

Words can not express
Please allow me to begin though
1:30am heard the shouting from my window
People crying in the street
Watchin' the burning of their kinfolk
Grenfell Tower, now historically a symbol
People reaching, from their windows
Screaming, for their lives
Pleading, with the cries
Tryna reason with the skies
Dale youth birthed champions
Comparison is clear though
That every single person in the building was a hero
So don't judge our tired eyes in these trying times
'Cause we be breathing in cyanide, the entire night
They say Yasin saw the fire and he ran inside
Who'd thought that would be the site where he and his family died
The street is like a graveyard, tombstones lurching over us
Those shouting out to their windows, now wish they never woke them up
Wouldn't hope your worst enemy to go in this position
Now it's flowers for the dead and printed posters for the missing, come home

[Mai Khalil:]
Did they die, or us?
Did they die, or us?
Did they die, for us?
[Lowkey:]
Ghosts of Grenfell still calling for justice
Now hear 'em, now hear 'em scream
[Mai Khalil:]
Did they die, or us?
Did they die, or us?
Did they die, for us?
[Lowkey:]
This corporate manslaughter will haunt you
Now hear 'em scream

I see trauma in the faces of all those that witnessed this
Innocence in the faces of all those on the missing list
See hopes unfulfilled
Ambitions never achieved
No I'm not the only one that sees the dead in my dreams
Strive for the bravery of Yasin, artistic gift of Khadija
Every person, a unique blessing to never be repeated
Strive for the loyalty of siblings that stayed behind with their parents
Pray that every loved one lost can somehow make an appearance
We are, calling like the last conversations with their dearest
Until we face, what they face we will never know what fear is
We are, calling for survivors rehoused in the best place
Not to be left sleeping in the West Way for 10 days
We're, calling for arrests made and debts paid
In true numbers known for the families that kept faith
We're, calling for safety in homes of love
They are immortalised forever, the only ghosts are us
I wonder

[Mai Khalil:]
Did they die, or us?
Did they die, or us?
Did they die, for us?
[Lowkey:]
Ghosts of Grenfell still calling for justice
Now hear 'em, now hear 'em scream
[Mai Khalil:]
Did they die, or us?
Did they die, or us?
Did they die, for us?
[Lowkey:]
This corporate manslaughter will haunt you
Now hear 'em scream

[Mai Khalil:]
Olooli win arooh
Nas a'am tehtere'a fe sa'at sahoor
Ahess ennee be alam tanee

Ahess ennee be alam tanee
Olooli win arooh
Nas a'am tehtere'a fe sa'at sahoor
Ahess ennee be alam tanee
Ahess ennee be alam tanee

[Lowkey & Various Voices:]
To whom it may concern, at the Queen's royal borough of Kensington in Chelsea. Where is Yasin El-Wahabi? Where is his brother Mehdi? Where is his sister Nur Huda? Where is their mother and where is their father? Where is Nura Jamal and her husband Hashim? Where is their children, Yahya, Firdaus and Yaqoob? Where is Nadia Loureda? Where is Steve Power? Where is Dennis Murphy? Where is Marco Gottardi? Where is Gloria Trevisian? Where is Amal and her daughter Amaya? Where is Mohammed Neda? Where is Ali Yawar Jafari? Where is Khadija Saye? Where is Mary Mendy? Where is Mariem Elgwahry? Where is her mother Suhar?

Tell us, where is Rania Ibrahim and her two daughters? Where is Jessica Urbano Remierez? Where is Deborah Lamprell? Where is Mohammed Alhajali? Where is Nadia? Where is her husband Bassem? Where are her daughters, Mirna, Fatima, Zaina and their grandmother? Where is Zainab Dean and her son Jeremiah? Where is Ligaya Moore? Where is Sheila Smith? Where is Mohammednour Tuccu? Where is Tony Disson? Where is Maria Burton? Where is Fathaya Alsanousi? Where is her son Abu Feras and her daughter Esra Ibrahim? Where is Lucas James? Where is Farah Hamdan? Where is Omar Belkadi? Where is their daughter Leena? Where is Hamid Kani? Where is Esham Rahman? Where is Raymond Bernard? Where is Isaac Paulos? Where is Marjorie Vital? Where's her son Ernie? Where is Komru Miah? Where is his wife Razia? Where are their children Abdul Hanif, Abdul Hamid, Hosna? Where are Sakineh and Fatima Afraseiabi? Where is Berkti Haftom and her son Biruk?

Tells us, where is Stefan Anthony Mills? Where is Abdul Salam? Where is Khadija Khalloufi? Where is Karen Bernard? Where are these people? Where are these people? Where is Gary Maunders? Where is Rohima Ali? Where is her six year old daughter Maryam, her five year old daughter Hafizah and her three year old son Mohammed? God bless you all! Where are all these people?

Where are all these people?
The blood is on your hands
There will be ashes on your graves
Like a Phoenix we will rise
The blood is on your hands
There will be ashes on your graves
Like a Phoenix we will rise

"Islamophobic Lullabies" lyrics

Lowkey Lyrics

"Islamophobic Lullabies"

This is Jamal's song, name means beauty, are we this far gone?
Headlines associate kids with waterboarding and car bombs
Jamal's from same part of the world you got the guitar from
Still a wonderful world, sing it like Louis Armstrong
Any kid bullied, I made this to keep your heart strong
Colonisers names the same pavements that we march on
Please don't project the war on terror onto children
They are not suspects or combatants, you cannot kill them
Please don't project the war on terror onto Grenfell
State capture and de-regulation, it doesn't end well
Prevent spying on children, got them stepping on eggshells
Flash lies across the pages, Islamophobia and death cells
Psychological warriors, mess with the percentages
Innocent kids in school labelled grooming gangs and terrorists
Battle stereotypes like climbing over Everest
What we must question is how these ideas became so prevalent

The rag-heads and Pakis are still worrying your dad
But your dad's favourite food is still curry or kebab
The rag-heads and Pakis are still worrying your dad
But your dad's favourite food is still curry or kebab
Oh, I know you're peering through the window
But they don't see you anymore
Don't lose yourself in what they think though
'Cause this has never been your war

You can tell Prevent stop spying on little kids
Tell the terrible tabloids stop tarnishing immigrants
And tell the think-thanks their role is insidious
And tell the nasty neocons stop funding this ignorance
Victims of this myth creation searching for inspiration
Hope this song can comfort you through the intimidation
Hope you beat those that smeared you through the courts of litigation
And hold your heads up high through these trials and tribulations
These morbid remorseless authors, pave the way for disorders
They murdered the Magna Carta, to hell with habeas corpus, rendition
Torture across borders, they tore up laws as they scorch them
Now they, pull up the drawbridge and tell you hordes are enormous
Only 0.18% of this country's refugees, won't regulate fossil fuelers or owners of SUVs
But they demonise heroes for braving the seven seas, 34,000 die trying to enter here, rest in peace
Moment of silence

The rag-heads and Pakis are still worrying your dad
But your dad's favourite food is still curry or kebab
The rag-heads and Pakis are still worrying your dad
But your dad's favourite food is still curry or kebab
Oh, I know you're peering through the window

But they don't see you anymore
Don't lose yourself in what they think though
'Cause this has never been your war

A cucumber's not a bomber, terrorist's house is just a home
A free Palestine badge is harmless, you're a war on terror drone
A cucumber's not a bomber, terrorist's house is just a home
A free Palestine badge is harmless, you're a war on terror drone
Cucumber's not a bomber, terrorist's house is just a home
A free Palestine badge is harmless, you're a war on terror drone
Cucumber's not a bomber, terrorist's house is just a home
A free Palestine badge is harmless, you're a war on terror drone
Cucumber's not a bomber, terrorist's house is just a home
A free Palestine badge is harmless, you're a war on terror drone

"GOAT Flow" lyrics

Lowkey Lyrics

"GOAT Flow"

[Charlie Sloth:]
(Let's get ready to rumble)
Alright Lowkey man, we got Lowkey inside
It's time for that fire in the booth
This guy's gonna show you what time it is right now
He's gonna school you man
This is what you call a hip hop MC
Lowkey man, let's know what your about brother

[Lowkey:]
I'm the mic breaker, life changer
Sight shaper, rhyme maker, fire flames facer
Fight fakers with a lightsaber
Show whipper, flow spitter
Tone dimmer, known sinner
Phone ringer, poem lyric
Cooker of his own dinner
Trend setter, bench pressin'
Fence sitting, bed wetters
Ten letters, send 'em on the end of a vendetta
Track smasher, fat packer
Catnapper, dapper rapper
Dash a pack, cameras with a nack at catchin' backstabbers
Laugh at a troll, bars never slow
Master the art I'm marching them home
Darker than coal, carvin' a hole
Carcass garden, apart from the crows
Smarter than most
Target the ho's
As far as an artist you aren't gonna blow
Marketable, far from it bro
Bar for bar, Vietnam in the flow
They palmin' them all, calmin' and cool
No arsenal, I'm sizing 'em all
You're farcical, you're bars are my haul
Bar for bar you can't ever do
If you're writing is crap
Hide in your pad
This type of rap, this price is flat
My line of attack, it's Tyson with that
If you try with a tie, I'm windin' it back

I'm the mic breaker, life changer
Sight shaper, rhyme maker, fire flames facer
Fight fakers with a lightsaber
Show whipper, flow spitter
Tone dimmer, known sinner

Phone ringer, poem lyric
Cooker of his own dinner
Trend setter, bench pressin'
Fence sitting, bed wetters
Ten letters, send 'em on the end of a vendetta
Track smasher, fat packer
Catnapper, dapper rapper
Dash a pack, cameras with a nack at catchin' backstabbers
Laugh at a troll, bars never slow
Master the art I'm marching them home
Darker than coal, carvin' a hole
Carcass garden, apart from the crows
Smarter than most
Target the ho's
As far as an artist you aren't gonna blow
Marketable, far from it bro
Bar for bar, Vietnam in the flow
They palmin' them all, calmin' and cool
No arsenal, I'm sizing 'em all
You're farcical, you're bars are my haul
Bar for bar you can't ever do
If you're writing is crap
Hide in your pad
This type of rap, this price is flat
My line of attack, it's Tyson with that
If you try with a tie, I'm windin' it back

Kill them with the sick flow, drill 'em with the info bit *[?]* bye bye
Skippin' from the intro only wanna split flow, pity you keep with me why try
Kid's and kin folk busy with the single, really in with the zeitgeist
Ready with the impulse, hit him with the plimsoll sayin' if you criticize I
Sick as I was, switchin' 'em off
Skip like Criss Cross, hit to the rock
Slip to the lot, kid to the rock
Flipped like a pissed off wizard of oz
Does radio though play me though, maybe bro
Flames we throw, need more C4 to make me blow
I'm back with the G.O.A.T flow

[Charlie Sloth:]
Man like Lowkey in the building
Oi that's savage bro
Oi first time you come in and kill the alphabet
Now just to take the micky, you come in and kill it backwards (wow)
I feel like I've just been to university for 5 years
I love *[?]*
Sheesh

[Lowkey:]
Findin' this would come back and batter it like Kaepernick
Passionate without a tick, a man that lives his manuscript
Establish it, no glamour glitz
It's manic man, it's chappin' blitz

Fall victim to your eyes, like 21 savage did
Step right through, website due
Hit 'em with left right set white smooth
[?] with bed side blues
Killin' my city with the headline views
Red sky zoo, threat like doom
Visionin' left like ten times two
Wet try youts, test my shoes
Next round left that dead white yout
Tick tack toe, mix match flow
Hit back quick snap, kit kat blow
Spit my quotes, rep that show
Did that impact, lived that bro
Come back king, *[?]* ling
Lower the floor like pump action
That's my ting, and the thump action
My scolded soldier like his mum stepped in
Mercing's merchant merkin' the mic
Worst of the wise with the words I write
Hurdles the herds when the hurtle tides
[?] from lives, immersed in the hype
Pop and the people do not believe you
Watch where these monsters want to lead you
Nonsense they feed you rocks and needles
Monsters *[?]* doctor evil
You lackadaisical, tax tameful raps *[?]* fall back
Batter your bass with thoughts, snap your frame for dough
Back to change those facts
Man a capable, tracks available
Stat's are paid in full that's
That's the labels fault, rap your way to court
Platinum chain you boy snatched
Sick as I was, switchin' em off
Skip like Criss Cross, hit to the rock
Slip to the lot, kid to the rock
Flipped like a pissed off wizard of oz
Does radio though play me though, maybe bro
Flames we throw, need more C4 to make me blow
I'm back with the G.O.A.T flow

[Charlie Sloth:]
Oh my god, oh my god
[?]
I can't even believe what I just witnessed right there
Was that for real? That's recording innit? Is that live?
Oh my god
[?]
Come on man
'Nuff love brother
For the first time in 6 weeks on my show, I'm speechless

"McDonald Trump" lyrics

Lowkey Lyrics

"McDonald Trump"

McDonald Trump, Mc-McDonald Trump
McDonald Trump, Mc-McDonald Trump
McDonald Trump, Mc-McDonald Trump
El pueblo unido jamás será vencido // shut him down
McDonald Trump, Mc-McDonald Trump
McDonald Trump, Mc-McDonald Trump
McDonald Trump, Mc-McDonald Trump
يا مجرم يا فاسد القدس تاج راسك // Shut him down!

700 billion a year to the fossil fuelers
750 billion a year to the rocket launchers
This monster's morbid mob is sordid more than what's reported
While this song's recorded, hope a hundred humans cross the borders
Words of MLK, greatest violence purveyor
See ourselves in the afflicted, the environment decayer
Do it for Puerto Rico and Ibrahim Abu Turaya
He'll get Ahed Tamimi while he's tweeting London's mayor
Harbingers of doom, they let the Trump committee galavant
Passport not accepted, it's a London City travel ban
Dystopian future like Amazon's camper vans
Merely an apprentice to the corporate gangster glamour gang

ExxonMobil are writing this Trump script
The Koch brothers are riding this Trump ship
Wall Street is writing this Trump script
Raytheon and Lockheed riding this Trump ship, shut him down

McDonald Trump, Mc-McDonald Trump
McDonald Trump, Mc-McDonald Trump
McDonald Trump, Mc-McDonald Trump
El pueblo unido jamás será vencido // shut him down
McDonald Trump, Mc-McDonald Trump
McDonald Trump, Mc-McDonald Trump
McDonald Trump, Mc-McDonald Trump
يا مجرم يا فاسد القدس تاج راسك // Shut him down!

The red face can't contain the rage and hate inside ya
Aching in your pride but take a major nation, make it minor
Engage in nativism, now your state is just a paper tiger
Cover up your face with a solar panel made in China
A weapon of mass distraction in this twisted age of decadence
Government, big business, the relationship incestuous
Hope workers in your businesses unionize and shut you down
A million people march when you try to enter London Town
Do another speech to inspire the next militant
May your nightmares be haunted by vexed immigrants
Mother of all bombs, I hope that every death lives with him

Corporate revolving door from Bannon to Rex Tillerson

ExxonMobil are writing this Trump script
The Koch brothers are riding this Trump ship
Wall Street is writing this Trump script
Raytheon and Lockheed riding this Trump ship, shut him down

McDonald Trump, Mc-McDonald Trump
McDonald Trump, Mc-McDonald Trump
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El pueblo unido jamás será vencido // shut him down
McDonald Trump, Mc-McDonald Trump
McDonald Trump, Mc-McDonald Trump
McDonald Trump, Mc-McDonald Trump
يا مجرم يا فاسد القدس تاج راسك // Shut him down!

It's a kakistocracy that acts illogically
Gangsters and bankers kidnap your policies
Grand hypocrisy, expand the poverty
This man's philosophy is rampant robbery
Left Puerto Rico abandoned and on its knees
Massive horror scenes, no plans for college teams
Onslaught wants more handguns on the street
To ban democracy and crash economies
Fake news in the flesh, great at using the press
Ruminate on who to hate when you accumulate debt
The food chain stretched from your goons that invest
Desecrate the state an unusual death
Wanna idolize sly guys who would you guess
Surprised hope they privatize his funeral next
Lucid effect on who you choose to elect
When expansion is limitless what future is left
The system was was fixed for him, sicker than Nixon
With Clinton, Winston and Kissinger mixed with him
The missiles are blistering, pistols on kids
And he spits on the immigrants, isn't it interesting
Donald Trump and his forked tongue, let 'em all come
The precedence never been a president that is more dumb
Slave to the bankers, slave to the gun lobby
There'll be permanent war, always demonize somebody
Families broke up, sanity closed shut
How can it be this man receives a salary to show up
Private jet nervous, disturb 'em with turbulence
Merging with mercenaries working to murder us
They're hurting the Earth and our urges to nurture it
We're ruled by the worst of the worst of the worst of them
Hurting the Earth and our urges to nurture it
Ruled by the worst of the worst of the worst of them

The Republican Party is the most dangerous organisation in human history

"Children Of Diaspora" lyrics

Lowkey Lyrics

"Children Of Diaspora"

(feat. Mai Khalil)

[Lowkey:]
Don't you wonder what became of the children of diaspora?
Those that innovated in their ways and their vernacular
Those that saw their traces in the faces of the massacred
I wonder what became of them, tell me what became of them..
I wonder what became of them, tell me what became of them..
I wonder what became of them, tell me what became of them..
I wonder what became of them, tell me what became of them..

Lost in this city of fog rarely seen by the sun
Just 'cause you're both but neither doesn't mean that you're none
Never captains of the ship but they mistook us for some
Passengers
Now we're stuck here singing soul music from diaspora
Your hosts can't relate to your sense of dislocation
The type of pain that cannot be contained in a dissertation
"Diaspora" the reason that the terrified are setting fires
"Diaspora" the reason they couldn't jeopardise Zephaniah
Considered as a compliment if our beauty is fetishized
Your history is power, that's the reason some are petrified
Colonial mimic, mascot crying behind a mask
Or a man with amnesia trying to find his past
Anthony Walker never had a weapon but they still got him
Stephen Lawrence never had a weapon but they still got him
Mark Duggan never had a weapon but they still shot him
They call them first world diaspora problems

Don't you wonder what became of the children of diaspora?
Those that innovated in their ways and their vernacular
Those that saw their traces in the faces of the massacred
I wonder what became of them
Tell me what became of them
Zoha Hadeed was a child of diaspora
So fear not, fear not
Edward Said was a child of diaspora
So fear not, fear not

[Mai Khalil:]
We never bow to the Queen, no
We never bow to the Queen, no
We never bow to the Queen, no, no, no, no, no, no
We never bow to the Queen, no
We never bow to the Queen, no
We never bow to the Queen, no, no, no, no, no, no

[Lowkey:]

Since the middle passage either sink or you swim
Bleach the pigment of skin and pray its privilege trickling in
But are we missing the link?
Diasporas the reason MJ did to his nose what they did to the sphinx
And why Marley made the most classic of art
The reason Gabby Douglas didn't put her hand on her heart
The reason Malcolm Little changed his name to X
The reason the President's melanin remain a threat
Ahmed made a clock, they arrested him and mangled his name
But the root of the word is to thank and to praise
Racism manifests in many cancerous ways
We must rally for change in these most tragic of days
Cos Emmett Till didn't have a weapon, but they still got him
Tamir Rice never had a weapon but they still shot him
Alton Sterling never had a weapon but they still shot him
They call them first world diaspora problems

Don't you wonder what became of the children of diaspora?
Those that innovated in their ways and their vernacular
Those that saw their traces in the faces of the massacred
I wonder what became of them
Tell me what became of them
Nina Simone was a child of diaspora
So fear not, fear not
Frantz Fanon was a child of diaspora
So fear not, fear not

[Mai Khalil:]
Pledge no allegiance to the flag, no
Pledge no allegiance to the flag, no
Pledge no allegiance to the flag, no, no, no, no, no, no
Pledge no allegiance to the flag, no
Pledge no allegiance to the flag, no
Pledge no allegiance to the flag, no, no, no, no, no, no

We never bow to the Queen, no
We never bow to the Queen, no
We never bow to the Queen, no, no, no, no, no, no
We never bow to the Queen, no
We never bow to the Queen, no
We never bow to the Queen, no, no, no, no, no, no

"Skit 3" lyrics

Lowkey Lyrics

"Skit 3"

(Soundtrack To The Struggle 2)

If we ask scientists to draw up a list of the top ten greatest scientists. Clearly, Newton, Aristotle, Einstein will be top of that list, I guess. Added to that will be people like Pythagoras, Galileo, Darwin and a few other familiar names. But I reckon, for most people in the West, that top ten will be entirely Europeans: either from Ancient Greece or from the time of the European renaissance and more recently. This evening what I want to talk about is a period in history that's, to a certain extent, been somewhat forgotten. Because I want to put the case for at least three other scientists who I think are worthy of being in that top ten list of greatest ever scientists

"Heroes Of Human History" lyrics

Lowkey Lyrics

"Heroes Of Human History"

(feat. Mai Khalil)

[Mai Khalil:]
Are you all all alone, only you in history?
Are you all all alone, only you in history?

[Lowkey:]
Al-Khwarizmi estimated the circumference of the globe
At a time when Europe thought the earth was flat
And couldn't tell the time of day, the astrolabe paved the way
For the clock now I'm about to turn it back
Was the medicine of Ibn Sina perceived as backwards
When Oxford scholars deemed bathing a heathen practice?
History from Aristotle to Al-Kindi as we gather
Innovations of Ibn Haytham to da Vinci and the camera
Ask Roger Bacon, Galileo and Adelard of Bath
Ibn Shatir before Copernicus, century and a half
House of wisdom, books waiting gold, answers to conundrums
Cheng Ho sailed the sea before da Gama and Columbus
You are not who they say you are, you're blessed with a choice
Here since the 700's, look at King Arthur's *[?]* coins
You can do whatever it is that you wanna do
There's a crater named after Al-Ma'mun on the moon
So fly

[Mai Khalil:]
Are you all all alone, only you in history?
Are you all all alone, only you in history?

[Lowkey:]
Civilisations build on each other, not each to their own
My question: If people are equal like the teeth of a comb
Were Jahiz, Mansa Musa, Malik Najashi; Abeed?
I didn't think so but it seems Shaabi, nasi what I need
Check yourself, check Raphael's depiction of Ibn Rushd
Think twice, study history, give it a different look
Curriculum's literally littered with pitfalls of ridicule
Fatima al-Fihri founded one of the oldest still-existing schools
It's deeper than some rhymes I'm providing for the listener
No surprise for a spitter, the word cypher came from ṣifr
Is the next Younis Mahmoud among four million orphaned babies?
What if Yusra Mardini wasn't able to swim to safety?
It could be Steve Jobs is starving under hisar
It would be Zaha Hadid just died in an infijar
Through your veins flow *[?]* Gilgamesh and Abu Nuwas
Your future's bigger than the pain of your present and your past
Just shine

[Mai Khalil:]
Are you all all alone, only you in history?
Are you all all alone, only you in history?

[Lowkey:]
Condemned as the wretched of the earth, we strive to be free
Fanon struggled for independence he wasn't alive to see
The countrification, alienation, souls left so scarred
Idarat altawahish decapitations on postcards
The occupier left behind all forms of stigma
Insidious settlement of the mind is more malignant
From the ashes of war, no phoenix, that human is lost
They learnt idarat altawahish from ensuing the cost
We learnt resistance from Morheeba Korshid and Lela Khaled Learnt about Jamal from Bu Azza, Abu Basha and Bouhired
If Abdelkader was reburied in Al-Jaza'er that's the
Proof return will come for the diaspora of the nakba
Not the first or the last to break free from the guillotine
Yesterday Aljazair, tomorrow Philistine
Not the first or the last to break free from the guillotine
Yesterday Aljazair, tomorrow Philistine

[Mai Khalil:]
Are you all all alone, only you in history?
Are you all all alone, only you in history?
Are you all all alone, only you in history?

"Long Live Palestine 3" lyrics

Lowkey Lyrics

"Long Live Palestine 3"

(feat. Maverick Sabre, Frankie Boyle, Ken Loach, Chakabars, Khaled Siddiq & Mai Khalil)

[Frankie Boyle & Chakabars:]
As you prepare your breakfast, think of others
Do not forget to feed the pigeons
As you wage your wars, think of others
Do not forget those who fight for peace
As you pay your water bill, think of others, those who are nursed by clouds
As you return home, to your home, think of others
Do not forget the people of the camps
As you sleep and count the stars, think of others, those who have nowhere to sleep
As you liberate yourself with metaphors, think of others, those who have lost the right to speak
As you think of others far away, think of yourself and say "if only I were a candle in the night"

[Lowkey:]
This is for Palestine, Al-Quds, the capital Jerusalem
Unarmed people marching to the wall and they're shooting 'em
Suppression is a question, resistance is the answer
Long live Palestine, long live Gaza
Palestine, Al-Quds, the capital Jerusalem
Unarmed people marching to the wall and they're shooting 'em
Suppression is a question, resistance is the answer
Long live Palestine, long live Gaza

[Maverick Sabre:]
All you see is war every time you turn your head at night
There's bloodshed on the floor, mother cries, who dies for her this time?
There's truth between these walls
See the lies between the lines they hide
Where's the bullet coming from? From the tyrant dressed in our disguise

[Khaled Siddiq:]
I'mma ride until the end even if I get the push back for all my friends
Cah you know that I'm a fighter, let me see your lighter and we not gon' stop til Palestine is free
But you still know that I'mma ride until the end even if I get the push back for all my friends
Cah you know that I'm a fighter, let me see your lighter and we not gon' stop til Palestine is free

[Maverick Sabre:]
Taught to not love, taught to be blind, taught to not care
Tell me what's real? Borderlines, military despair
How to exist if there's no ways to be human in fear
And if you take away our home
Where's the house supposed to live?
Taught to not love, taught to be blind, taught to not care
Tell me what's real? Borderlines, military despair
How to exist if there's no ways to be human in fear
And if you take away our home
Where's the house supposed to live?

[Mai Khalil & Lowkey:]
Free my people, long live Palestine
We will never let you go
Sing it with me now
Free free Palestine, free free Palestine
Free free Palestine, free free Palestine
Free free Palestine, free free Palestine
Free free Palestine, free free Palestine

[Lowkey:]
If Ibrahim Abu Thuraya could resist without a wheelchair
10 year challenge, tell Regev we are still here
And tell that killer Netanyahu he should feel fear
The old live through us and guarantee the children will care
Criminal, not invincible and you know it
Samidoon, samidoon, still sitting in there stoic
May not feel us with you when you listen to our poems
You inspire humanity, your resistance is heroic
Regardless of talk, it is time we answer the call
Through your strength of spirit, you provide example for all
How to live, how to love when attacked from the clouds above
Loud and clear, the songs you sung can't be drowned by the sound of guns
Or just watch your tragic times through a satellite dish
The least that we can give you is an anthem like this
They panicked, tried to analyse and sanitise this
But we love you more than ever, still Palestine lives

[Mai Khalil & Lowkey:]
Free my people, long live Palestine
We will never let you go
Sing it with me now
Free free Palestine, free free Palestine
Free free Palestine, free free Palestine
Free free Palestine, free free Palestine
Free free Palestine, free free Palestine

[Maverick Sabre:]
No change, no
Run away your way, oh
All the hate you face, oh
Time to change this stadium
No change, no change, no
Run away your way, oh
All the hate you face, oh
Time to change this stadium
No change, no change, no

[Ken Loach:]
Continuing oppression of the Palestinian, encircling of the people of Gaza
Killing of civilians, the burning of bones, the daily oppression, the theft of land
The apartheid system in the West Bank where there are two road systems and I've been and I'm sure you have
And you see the... the Israeli road, you see like a spanking new highway just the settler cars going backwards

and forwards
Then you see the old Palestinian roads
And it clearly... it's people living under two sets of rules, an apartheid system
So all this is being uncovered and the boycotts, and divestment and sanctions campaign which I support and I'm sure many other people do as a peaceful protest against the Isreali oppression
To poor groups who've got to keep proclaiming the rights of the Palestinians are the right to return
The right to their... erm... the right to their homeland really
And... erm... and the theft of land, Israel is breaking international law, it is breaking the Geneva Conventions

"Letter To The 1%" lyrics

Lowkey Lyrics

"Letter To The 1%"

(feat. Mai Khalil)

Talking in terms of power. Where the power is, who's shaping the condition of our lives, who determines the quality of the air we breathe, the food we eat, the water we drink, the kinda jobs we can have, the images we have to deal with and such.

If I can sing this song without you maybe all is well
If we can sing this song without you we don't need your wealth
This is my letter to the 1%
If I can sing this song without you maybe all is well
If we can sing this song without you we don't need your wealth

Power to those that read bell hooks
Power to those that sell books
Power to those who know how the inside of a cell looks
All those feeling helpless, forgotten and discarded
Power to the strange fruit they thought was rotten in the garden
Power to those sitting alone, seeking solace in the calmness
Power to those feeling stained, know your tomorrow isn't tarnished
Power to those that sweep the streets with more knowledge than PhD's
Power to those that keep their keys, return this promise, please believe
Power to those that suffer in silence, those it hurts to hear
Power to those that hold their ground
Power to those that persevere
Power to those that love humanity more than they love style
Power to immigrants probably raising Donald Trump's child
Power to the blind who can't imagine what sight is
Those staring at the moon and all those working night-shifts
Power to the readers, the writers, the illiterate
Power to those that struggle to decolonise their syllabus
Power to the shy ones, always struggle to make friends
And the half of humanity worth less than eight men
Power to those that risked their life to dig the coltan from the ground
For the mic I'm spitting on and the phone you're holding now
Power to those that build the stadium they're playing in
Power to those that mowed the grass and stitched the ball that they're playing with
Power to every rapper that doesn't rap about killing
Power to the builders who built buildings that outlived them

If I can sing this song without you maybe all is well
If we can sing this song without you we don't need your wealth

Power to the slaves of Ancient Greece that didn't have the right to vote
Democracy dead like Gary Webb, when they import it like its coke
Power to those write to prison
Power to those writing home
Power to those writing poems
Power to those that died alone

Power to Curtis Mayfield
Power to Ronald Isely
Power to the fishermen that were forced into piracy
Power to every person that is working in a library
Power to every nurse that we turn to in our times of need
Power to the unions and the mindless that should punish
Power to those that drive the busses and those that collect the rubbish
Power to the youth desiring the truth
Power to every rapper that is dying for a Fire in the Booth
For those that lost limbs to King Leopald's quota
And those risking their lives for the P&O to Dover
Power to union leaders murdered by...
Power to victims of this globalised cosa nostra
Power to those dying on the shores and the borders
Power to humanbeings that were rendered fauna and flora
Power to those that cleaned up after the stage show
And Carnival goers still haunted by Kelso Cochrane's ghost
Power to ... his picture taunts us ever after
So many questions never answered
Remember the last words of Abdul-Muhsin Al-Saadoun, "الأمة تنتظر الخدمة، الإنجليز لا يوافقون"
Power to Al-Jawahiri and his rebellions
They killed his brother Ja'far and he cursed the rotten Thamesians
Enlighten despots pursuing tactics Machiavellian
Chinese still preceded Europa millennium, think about it
Printed press half a millennium never get close
Power to Ken Loach and every volunteer in Lesbos
Cuban doctors sent to Sri Lanka for the tsunami
Power to those that cleaned up after the Bullingdon parties

If I can sing this song without you maybe all is well
If we can sing this song without you we don't need your wealth

Kids knowing Apple products before they know what an apple is
Forgotten like passengers on the USS Indianapolis
Dying days, for they could see what little boy's damage did
On the precipice of fascism, while pacifist is cancerous
Power to those still strong enough to dream
Power to those that chose not to be a cog in the machine
Power to those that love first and hate never
Power to those that sleep on the streets through grey weather
Power to Aziz Ali and Bone Thugs-n-Harmony
Power to Norman Baker, David Kelly's, ulnar artery
Power to the genocided population of Tasmania
The internet descends to Trumptastic fantasia
Let them try quote this
You'll never find a better diagnosis than collective psychosis
It's getting quite hopeless but hope is all we have
Tryna cultivate the positive, not focus on the bad
But the globe's under attack
The obnoxious rage of a fake intellectual
Amazing grace in the age of the spectacle
Not the first time they found a racist electable
To raise to the pedestal

Then desecrate the place that translated the decimal
I don't wanna tempt fate
Power to corpse-washers like Salvador Allende
Power to language learners
From Bernie Sanders fans to flag-burners
One man's inertia is another man's purpose
In the utopia of song, we are victorious
But the bitter sweet reality is not this glorious
Power to Coltrane watching Malcolm X
Power to Paul Robeson under house-arrest
Power to Galileo under house-arrest
Power to Ibn Haytham under house-arrest
Forgive me if I sound obsessed
This is my letter to the 1%

If I can sing this song without you maybe all is well
The redistribution of power
The redistribution of power
We want the redistribution of power
We want the redistribution of power
If we can sing this song without you we don't need your wealth
We want the redistribution of power, the redistribution of power until your power is ours
Until your power is ours
If I can sing this song without you maybe all is well
If we can sing this song without you we don't need your wealth

"Skit 4" lyrics

Lowkey Lyrics

"Skit 4"

(Soundtrack To The Struggle 2)

July 4th, 2005, I joined the United States' military. I swore an oath to defend the constitution against all enemies, foreign and domestic. I went through basic training, I went through technical school. At the end of my technical school I was brought into the drone programme even though they didn't tell me what it was. They said, "You're gonna go to Nevada and you'll find out when you get there." And so I showed up and they put us in a theatre no bigger than this and they showed a montage video of drone strikes *[*imitates gun fire*]*... played to heavy metal music. And at the end of the video, a sergeant came down the centre and he stood in front of us and he said, "Your job is to kill people and break things." And I thought to myself, "This isn't why I joined; I joined for very patriotic reasons, to get me education (it's not free in America) and impress a pretty girl

So I went to my commander and I was like, "Sir, I'm not sure I can do this job. I'm not sure I could ever pull the trigger on somebody."
And he was like, "YOU swore an oath to defend the constitution against all enemies, foreign and domestic. You WILL obey the lawful orders of those appointed over you. You will do your job."
And I was trapped. My father- my grandfather, actually, he's really my father figure. I didn't want to disappoint him; I wanted to be worth something. This is what all veterans want: they want to be worth something. They fight for a reason, they fight because they care. They don't want to look weak; they want to look strong. They want to fight for a noble cause, an honourable cause

And so I did it. I did it for five years and five days. I killed thirteen people - and this is how you make life cheap. You show someone you can end a life by the push of a button. When I was younger, war had no meaning to me; it was something of distant lands and it was something of history. And here it was very real. I was a gamer, I was an athlete.

"Lords Of War" lyrics

Lowkey Lyrics

"Lords Of War"

(feat. Kaia)

Intestines, shattered hopes and dreams adorn the floor
The face behind the screen has seen it all before
And the worst thing about is there's more in store
Just another sacrifice to the lords of war

The royal family sell guns
The royal family sell bombs
That kill the world's poorest people
The government sell guns
The government sell bombs
That kill the world's poorest people
The sacrosanct march of industry
The sacrosanct march of industry
Does such strange things to people
The spectatorship of suffering
The spectatorship of suffering
Does oh such strange things to people

Oh, Lord of war
How do you sleep?
Oh, Lord of war
How do you sleep at night?
Oh, Lord of war
How do you sleep?
Oh, Lord of war
How do you sleep at night?
Oh, Lord of war

She was eight years old, imagination alive
Cute as could be, you could see the gleam of mischief in her eye
Carrying her kite, trying find a place where it could it fly
Hovering not far she saw what was a spaceship in her mind
Too young to really understand exactly what the buzz meant
Bread and water everyday, other than that she's unfed
Pressure applied diplomatically to stop aid
Reality enforced by the air and naval blockade
Back to her, through her blood flows Qahtan
Ancient civilisation but its status has lost charm
She found a place to fly kite in the soft calm
Some will say that her life was god's palm
She heard her mother call, saw her brother fall
Didn't realise quick enough, stumbled from the sudden force
In a flicker and flash to the horror scene of death
This is what happens when technology meets flesh

Oh, Lord of war

How do you sleep?
Oh, Lord of war
How do you sleep at night?...
Intestines, shattered hopes and dreams adorn the floor
The face behind the screen has seen it all before
And the worst thing about is there's more in store
Just another sacrifice to the lords of war
Oh, Lord of war

A caravan in Nevada, he sits twiddling a control pad
Taking down coordinates, scribbling in his notepad
When he sweats the headphones itch and irritate his eczma
Watching scenes on the screen as they enter through his retina
Sick of his life, his wife and this job cos it kills
Sick of his sick father and debt from his hospital bills
Childhood of computer games that learned him in murder
He wonders if he's better off serving up burgers
A part of him loved watching death from distance
But that feeling numbed away through monotonous repetition
Merely going through the motions, like the robot that he operates
Depersonalised murder, victimless violence for the modern age
His cold stare and tap of a button takes her only life
Instantly regrets but watches on as she slowly dies
Grotesquely interwined via the screen that he stared through
Her kite floats away but we will never know where to...

Oh, Lord of war
How do you sleep?
Oh, Lord of war
How do you sleep at night?...
Intestines, shattered hopes and dreams adorn the floor
The face behind the screen has seen it all before
And the worst thing about is there's more in store
Just another sacrifice to the lords of war
Oh, Lord of war

The lord lives in the third dimension far from the theatre
But every now and again the whimpers of the carnage get nearer
Sometimes in his dreams he sees the harmed and disfigured
Like Dorian Gray can't see his moral scars in the mirror
Cognitive dissonance, suppresses his pangs of conscience
Rationalises it away, everybody has their monsters
But he is not everyone
He is a parasite of life and carries within him a selfish song never sung
Believes he loves his children, is he capable of love?
Lord of the machines that rain Satan from above
Will they justify what daddy did or hate him as they must
Realise their bread and butter left faceless faces in the dust
As the sights locked on her he loosened his suit and tie
As he sighs, balls of fire were shooting off to her right
As she died, he ordered a fruit juice with some ice
Her kite floats away, he admires the blueness of the sky... oh Lord of war...

"Ghosts Of Grenfell 2" lyrics

Lowkey Lyrics

"Ghosts Of Grenfell 2"

(feat. Kaia)

[Lowkey:]
Black snow on a summer's night
Cold shoulders on a summer's day
Invisible violence becomes visible
In such a sudden way

Black snow on a summer's night
Cold shoulders on a summer's day
Invisible violence becomes visible

Twelve months, no arrests made
The image in our heads stayed
Stressed faces pressed to windows, looking for an escape
Seems they underestimate this corner of the west way
Witnesses to the crime we fear a whitewash is the end game
Minister, what was your relationship with Mark Allen?
Been waiting twelve months for answers, still we can't have them
Windows to our soul witnessed anguish that you can't fathom
No disrespect intended, Troubled Water wasn't our anthem
Carnival on the soul of Kelso Cochrane
What do you think will develop, on the strength of those names?
Over seventy everyday people
No celebrities were left here, picking up pieces of broken memories
No more to big business, fiddling regulations
Grenfell Action Group, the most tragic of vindications
From sympathy of a nation, to most uncomfortable of issues
Our dearly departed please know we love you and we miss you

[Kaia:]
Calling, still hear them calling
Black snow was falling
From the corners of my mind, I hear you
Calling, still hear them calling
Black snow was falling
From the corners of my mind, I hear you

[Lowkey:]
When invisible violence becomes visible, thinking is uncritical
Listen to some, thinking we're simple and dumb criminals
Hardened battered hearts, having laughed in a good while
But Stormzy at the Brit Awards made the neighbourhood smile
Out of your mind, if you think we're satisfied with platitudes
Questions for RBKC, Celotex and Sajid Javid too
As nihilism sets in and the breakdowns start
Slow creep of bureaucratic violence strains our hearts
Feeling like an empty vessel, staring at an empty vessel

Corporate hijack of regulations, very detrimental
Human life, the cost - how can we not be feeling sentimental?
Goosebumps cross your skin when you feel the breath of death against you
Bet you never went through that cursed night of haunted sounds
That wretched cladding falling down, since then death is all around
They say that every storm there is a dawn
Knocking on Heaven's door, we mourn forever more

[Kaia:]
Calling, still hear them calling
Black snow was falling
From the corners of my mind, I hear you
Calling, still hear them calling
Black snow was falling
From the corners of my mind, I hear the

[Lowkey:]
A place where the flames took everything that is sacred
We're planting seeds for trees we might not sit in the shade of
Combustible and still legal, regulations feel feeble
Never again, moment neoliberalism kills people
For innocence tarnished and beauty that was lost
Regulations disregarded, it's the human that's the cost
Hotels, hospitals and schools
How could we forget that
Up and down the country there's people sleeping in death traps

We're (calling)
For an end to the disdain
Better bow your heads in silence when we're mentioning their names
We are (calling)
For survivors rehoused in the best place
Still we demonstrate against bonfires of red tape
We're (calling)
For the companies and council held accountable
Climbing up the mountain though its height seems insurmountable
(Calling)
From the bottom of our lungs -
Truth, justice and peace for all of the lost ones

[Kaia:]
Calling, still hear them calling
Black snow was falling
From the corners of my mind, I hear you
Calling, still hear them calling
Black snow was falling
From the corners of my mind, I hear the

The blood is on your hands, there'll be ashes on your grave
Like a phoenix, we will rise
The blood is on your hands, there'll be ashes on your grave
Like a phoenix, we will rise

We will never give up
We will never give in
We will never give out
We will rise
We will rise

We will never give up
We will never give in
We will never give out
We will rise
We will rise

"Neoliberalism Kills People" lyrics

Lowkey Lyrics

"Neoliberalism Kills People"

How can I do a fire in the booth, when I'm trying just to maintain
And since June don't hear the word fire in the same way
Heard screams, splutters and them gasping for air
That's not bars in a booth it's so hard to compare
If I use fire as metaphor
Does that disrespect the people that are never more?
How does that bomb sound sound to those that bled in war that we never saw?
Remember when they settled scores with metal swords like Skeletor
Chinese made gun powder, Nobel invented dynamite
They say the guilt in his mind compelled him to design the prize
We know what Einstein's mind was like
How many geniuses we never knew that were deprived of life?
I can't philosophise on horrifying flames
We don't have to apologise or qualify our pain
Degrenfellise our loved ones of the colonisers name
Should we let the corporate media lobotomise our brains
You are beautiful, no matter how this life disfigures you
You're beautiful even if that image you emulate isn't you
I don't know if history is linear or cyclical
But know I'm ridiculed for making invisibles visible
That's why Plato said banish poets from the republic
'Cause they know that we can shake the social system and disrupt it
The land of liberty, they tell us leave it or lump it
When Trump comes to the country we hope he chokes on his crumpet
Before we sink in the ocean, consider this as an omen
Natures blessings aren't ours just 'cause we think that we own them
Never think that you're broken, or think that you're no-one
Remember a rope is strong because of strings interwoven

Would they love you more if you mock the people that you're from
Self-orientalise and believe that you belong
Overcompensate and propagate the image of the imbecile
Not uninvolved though you're further from the killing field
Take solace in the fact there's always cracks in the monolith
Now we're practically lobbing bricks like Asterix and Obelix
Distracted with gossip it's twisted news an interlude to adverts no hidden truths to listen to it's pitiful
Rosa Luxemburg gave us this simple truth
You won't feel your chains till the day you begin to move
He photographed a corpse and they flung him in the cage
Those that signed off on the cladding are still receiving their wage
Helicopters hovered close, pictures for the front page
Tried to speak all I really felt deep was numb rage
How could they see this pain at such a young age
Leaning out the window, screaming for help but none came
If it bleeds it leads, trauma tourists they gravitate
Shock doctrine in effect, disaster capitalists salivate
Privitisation, deregulation and austerity

To zero hour contracts, exploitation and precarity
Adults didn't make it, children to be fostered
Saved pennies on the block, dropped 20 million on the opera
We see through your cold plans, your programme is done
We don't want a Prime Minister that holds hands with Trump
We don't want DJs doing shows on military compounds
Can't trivialise fire or hear any more bomb sounds
How can I smile when I know the remains are still not found
And echoing in my mind is exactly how the sobs sound

They say we're criminals for the syllables and stanzas
When they subsidise the killers tools, the pillagers and bankers
Who are the engines of history, people like me and you
Who got massacred for the right to vote at Peterloo
It was imagineers, the poets and the artists
The miners, Tolpuddle Martyrs, William Cuffay and the chartists
Rebel and resist even through something small
Create windows with words and mirrors where once were walls
Manure contributes to the beauty of a rose
Why can't we accept our pain as something that helps us grow
They wonder why songs that make you cry are more moving
‘Cause crying's the only thing that we were born doing
They tell us tea is tradition to the English
When I look around this island not a tea plantation in it
Earl Gray gave 20 million to the slave traders
Multi-polar world now the Indians are space raiders
Freedom to be even or merely alienate labour
Freedom for fossil fuellers to desecrate and invade nature
Albert was an immigrant, Prince Phillip is an immigrant
Were the Celts, Normans and the Anglo-Saxons English, then?
The words Sugar, Cotton and Rice come from Arabic
Now we import democracy to civilise the Saracens
Analysing planets when this back water was wilderness
It seems we're still obsessed with immortality like Gilgamesh
Pessimism of intellect, optimism of will
Wear the skin of their victims its syndrome buffalo bill
In times of permanent war there is always someone to kill
But when life and death are virtual almost nothing is real